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PARADISI AMISSI

LIBER PRIMUS

GRÆCE,

CUM CELEBRI VERSIONE LATINA

REV. GULIELMI DOBSON,

OXONIENSIS,

NUPER DEFUNCTI.

Translated by
D^r Bickford

DUBLINII:

EXCUDEBAT S. POWELL.

IMPENSIS JOS. SHEPPARD, BIBLIOPOLÆ.

M DCC LXX.

RECTE REVERENDO
ET PRÆHONORABILI
FREDERICO HERVEY,
EPISCOPO DERRENSI,
ECCLESIÆ SACROSANCTÆ PATRI EXOPTATO,
Qui Pio Ardens Amore
In Deum, In Patriam, In Genus Humanum,
Fratres Sui, Tum Laboribus,
Tum, Proh Pudor! Pauperie, Effœtos
Fovet Pro Meritis, Rubentem
Educens Umbra Virtutem:
LIBRUM HUNC EXIMIUM
PARADISI AMISSI PRIMUM,
A SUMMO POETA,
JOHANNE MILTON,
CONSCRIPTUM,
NUNC AD EXEMPLAR SUBLIME
HOMERI
GRÆCE REDDITUM,
Ab Imis Præcordiis,
Quippe Nunc Et Olim
Non Immemor Beneficii,
Inſcribi Voluit
AUCTOR.

GRÆCOS non ſolere ſignare Accentiunculas, et lapides arguunt, et vetera numiſmata. Nec enim vel tenorum vel ſpirituum in iis notæ comparent. Imo etiam poſtquam jam inoleverat conſuetudo eas adſcribendi, multi tamen morem veterem prætulerunt.

VOSSIUS de Gram.

PARADISI AMISSI

LIBER I.

PRIMAM hominis noxam, vetitâque ex arbore fœtus
Avulſos, morſu quæ deguſtata nefando
Humanæ genti mortem et genus omne malorum
Intulit, et miſeros Edêni ſedibus egit,
Donec Progenies humano ab ſemine major
Reſtituat lapſos, lætiſque reponat in arvis,
Diva, canas: tu, ſecreto quæ vertice quondam
Orêbi, Sinæ-ve jugis, præcordia ſancto
Paſtori afflabas, quem lecta ab origine proles

Audiit

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,

With

ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΣΟΥ ΑΠΟΛΩΛΟΤΟΣ

Α.

ΑΙΤΙΑΝ Ανθρωπου πρωΐην, και καρπον, αειδε,
Δενδρεϑ αρχεκακοιο (ΘΕΟΣ δ' ανενευσε βροΐοισι)
Καρπον, οϊζυροις ὅς μεν μαλα δυσμορ@ αμμιν,
Γευομενος, πανΐοιων ἑρμα τεΐυκτ' οδυνάων,
Και ϑαναΐον πολυδακρυν ϖαντ' ανα κοσμον εχευε, 5
Εδεμ ηδ' ετ' αμερσε μιν, εισοκεν αλλ@ αμυμων,
Μειζων, ϑεσπεσιην ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ εφειμεν@ αυγην,
Ολβιαν αμμ' αποδωῳ παμμακαρεσσιν αρϑραν,
Μουσα, ϑε' : ἤ επι τϑ νεφεληγεραΐαο ορη@,

Χωρης,

PARADISE LOST.

With loſs of Eden, till one greater MAN
Reſtore us, and regain the blisful ſeat,
Sing, heav'nly muſe; that, on the ſecret top

Of

Audiit ingentis primordia dicere mundi,
Emerſaſque Chao terras cœlumque profundum.
Seu tibi ſit Sion cordi magis, et Siloæ fons
Celſa DEI tacito lambens oracula rivo,
Rite tuam poſcentis opem præſentior audi
Inde preces, non vulgari qui carminis ala
Aonium ſpernit montem, impavidoque volatu
Ardua molitur, nulli ſermone ſoluto
Dicta prius, nulli veterum celebrata camœnæ.
Tuque adeo, qui, templorum penetralibus altis
Poſthabitis, purum pectus ſanctoſque receſſus
Caſti animi colis; o fari da, SPIRITUS alme,
Scis etenim et memorare potes; Tu ſemina mundi
Prima fovens, aliſque, parentis more columbæ,
Expanſis ſuper incumbens, immane profundum
Vi fœcundabas genitali: Tu mihi luſtra
Corda bonus; lucem cœco, invalidoque vigorem
Suffice, ut ingenti non impar argumento
Conſurgam; legeſque DEI venerandaque jura
Defendens, pandam dictis quam numine juſto
Torquet res hominum, atque æquis moderatur habenis.

Fare

PARADISE LOST.

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Roſe out of Chaos: or if Sion hill

De-

Χωρηϛ, η Σιναϝ, κορυφαις τῷ ποιμεν' ενισπες,
Ὅς πολε δ' εξαιλοις πρωῖ αγορευσε λεωσι,
Ὅππως ειν αρχῃ γαιη τε και μακρος Ολυμπ
Ωρνυντ' εκ Χαοφιν· η εν Φρεσι Φιλλερος ηη
Σιων, η Σιλοη, ἥ χρησμϝ αϝχι ΘΕΟΙΟ
Αγλαον ἦκεν ὑδωρ, καλλιῤῥοον, ενθεν επελθε
Μοῦ επιϐωσαμενοιο αλαλκομενηΐς αοιδῃ,
Θαρσεῖ, αρϝαλεῃ, τελεσειν ὁτι αωῖ εωλπα,
Ὑψϝ πῆσομεν μεν ὑπερ ριου Αονιδωων,
Ὅσσ' οτωι μελπομεν λιγυρῃ ὁδε διος αοιδ
Ουδεποτ' αυδησασκ', ϝδ' οἱ ϖερι ζυγϝραφενα.
Αλλα μαλισα δε, ΠΝΕΥΜ', ὅ πολυ προϐεϐλας ἁπανλων
Αιδοιων ἱερων καθαρον ενι ϛηθεσι θυμον,
Εμπνεε, πανλα γαρ οισθα· παρων ζυγ' εφησο καῖ' αρχης,
Τρηρων ὡς, πτερυγας μεγαλϝς μαλα ζειο πελαζσας,
Παμμεγεθηΐ Χαοῖ, ὡς εγκυον ὥδε γενοιτο.

ΕϛχΕΕ

PARADISE LOST.

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of GOD; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O SPIRIT, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread,
Dove-like, ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert Eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of GOD to men.

Fare age, namque patent ſuperas tibi cuncta per oras
Perque altos Erebi tractus, quæ cauſa parentes
Impulerit primos, cœli propiore beatos
Numine, tam blandi GENITORIS ſpernere juſſa
Ingratos, unum ob vetitum, cum cætera late
Terrarum vaſta ſoli ditione tenerent;
Tam fœdum miſeris crimen quis ſuaſerit auctor.
Infernus ſerpens: ille improbus arte maligna
Matrem hominum luſit, furiis ultricibus actus,
Ipſe exul jam tum cœli, faſtumque nefandum
Efferaque auſa luens cum Tartareo comitatu;
Quorum ope, præcelſum divini munus honoris
Ante pares longe affectans, æquaſſe SUPREMUM
Sperabat, ſi contra obſiſteret; impiaque amens

Bella

PARADISE LOST.

Say firſt, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell, ſay firſt, what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favour'd of heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their CREATOR, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal ſerpent; he it was, whoſe guile
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what-time his pride

Had

Εἶχεε μοιγε Φα῀ τυφλῳ, και αειρε ταπεινον,
Ὡς μεγαλ' ειν ὑποθεσσεϊ μηδεα πυκνα ΘΕΟΙΟ
Ἑρμενεευων δικαιῳ πανλεσσι βροΐοισι.
Ειπ', αγε, μοιγε, ξεθεν γαρ δερκομενοιο φαεινω
Οσσε, θεαιν', ελαθ' ὕδεν αν' αιπυν απειρον' Ολυμπον,
Η αϊδαο βερεθρον, ὁπως, πρωΐ' ειπε, τοκηεῖς
Παμμακαρες, κυδιῳοι τε, εκ ΘΕΟΥ οϊ εφιληθεν,
Βυλαν ὑπερφιαλοι τυ ΠΑΤΡΟΣ ὑπερβασαν αυλων,
Κοσμυ τοιγε μεδονλες, εφελμη ει τι πιθοινλο
Μυνη; τις, κακα μηλιοων, πρωΐ' ηπεροπευσε;
Οφις ὁ Ταρταρυ· αυλος εῆν, ὅς κ' εξαπαλησεν,
Τισιϊ μαινομεν῀ και θυμοβορῳ τε μεγαιρᾳ,
Μηλερα δ' ανθρωπων, εξ οὗ ὑπεροπλ῀ Ολυμπυ
Εκβαλεῖ' αιθομενοιο, και αγελοι, οὗ δ' επικυροι·
Των, ὅγε κοιρανεων, ὑπερηνορεηφι πεποιθως,
Ευχομεν῀, μεγα ιαχε, κυδος ἐ ισοφαριζειν
Τῷ ΠΑΝΥΠΕΡΤΑΤΩ, ηδ' ενι υρανῳ ασλεροεντι,
Πρυκαλεσας πεδιονδ' ὑπαλον ΜΗΣΤΩΡΑ κυδοιμυ,

Μαψιδιως

PARADISE LOST.

Had caſt him out from heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory above his peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the MOST HIGH,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim,

Againſt

Bella DEI ſolio et pugnam intentabat atrocem.
Hunc adeo, effræni molitum vana tumultu,
Æthereis projectum oris per inane profundum
Flagrantem torſit DEUS, horrificaque ruina
Præcipitem dedit; æternæque voragine noctis
Incluſit demerſum, ibi longum adamantina vincla
Et meritos flammæ paſſurum vindicis ignes,
Qui maleſana palam OMNIPOTENTEM in bella vocarat.
Jam novies noctis ſpatium novieſque diei
Fluxerat, ut terris numerantur tempora; ponto
Hic ſuper ignivomo, dira comitante caterva,
Attonitus jacet, atque animæ ſtupet obruta virtus
Æthereæ. Cœlo viſum eſt gravioribus iris
Hunc ultra ſupereſſe; amiſſa hinc gaudia luget,
Illinc immenſos horret ſine fine dolores:
Lumina continuo feralia circumvolvit,
Lumina mœrorem immanem, formidine mixta,
Invictumque odium et faſtum teſtata ferocem.

Tum

PARADISE LOST.

Againſt the throne and monarchy of GOD,
Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the ALMIGHTY POWER
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' etherial ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,

Who

Μαψιδιως πολεμοιο βοην αλιασ̃ον ενωρσεν.
Τον τε̃λαγων ΥΨΙΒΡΕΜΕΤΗΣ καλαριψεν Ολυμπυ
Πρηνεα---δαιομενον ζελαφ μαλερoιο θυελλα̧,
Ταρ̃ταρυ ες μεσσον βαθυ γε σομα καιομενοιο,
Ναιεμεν, αχθομενον αδαμαν̃τινε̧σι πεδη̧σι,
Και ειλισσομενον σιδαρως σροφαλιγ̃ι θειυ,
ΠΑΝΚΡΑΤΟΡ' ὅς μεγ' αϋσας αφαρ πολεμονδε καλεσσαι
Τολμησ'. Εννημαρ, θ' ὡς ωκυμοροισι βροτοισι
Ἡμαλα και νυκλες, δμηθεις ζυνκεισαλο δεινη̧
Πληθυϊ, δινηθεις θυρφ οβριμοοιο θαλασση̧,
Πληγεις, αθαναλος περ. Αλαρ μεν ἐ Μοιρα βαρειη
Θεσπεσιως ολεσειν φυλακην εχε: ζεισμφ απειρων
Κη̃ρ ζαλαραχθεν ἐου̃, ολβυ παρος ὥ γ' εκεκασο,
Και αλγη̃ς κραλερυ, ὅδε πεισ̃αι, πολλ' ολολυζων,
Τειρει. Ομμαλα πανλαχοσ' οκρυοενλα κυλινδει,
Μαρ̃μαρας οἵγε φοβυ μιγδην περιλευγαλεοιο,
Λυπης, και τυφη̃ς, και μισεφ αχαμαλοιο,

Βεβρυχως.

PARADISE LOST.

Who durſt defy th' OMNIPOTENT to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal man, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſteadfaſt hate.

Tum celerem torquens aciem, quantum uſque tuendo
Cœlicolum penetrant oculi, loca lurida, vaſto
Deformem tractu regionem aſpectat: ubique
Horror erat; barathrumque ingens, ceu maxima fornax,
Undique jactabat flammas, ſine lumine flammas:
Obſcura tantum ſub lucis imagine triſtes
Luſtrabat Caligo plagas, ſolaſque dolorum
Pandebat facies, umbras valleſque inamænas;
Pax fugit inde, quieſque; fugit, quæ ſublevat omnes
Ultro ſpes placida; at torto vindicta flagello
Inſtat, diluviumque perenni agit agmine flammas
Sulphuris indomitas. Iſtos hac ſede rebelles,
Hoc claudi OMNIPOTENS æquus decreverat antro,
Heu quam diſſimili patriæ ſediſque relictæ!
Ter tantum ore ſuo æthereaque a luce remotos,
Quantum vel medio diſtat mundi ultimus axis.

Cladis

PARADISE LOST.

At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation, waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round,
As one great furnace, flam'd; yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe;
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end

Still

Βεβρυχως. Ὁσσον δερκεσι θεοι, βλεμεαινων
Χωρον ὅγ' εισοροει κρυερον, μαλ' αμορφον, ερημον,
Δυσπεϑ αινοταλον, δ' ερεβεννῃ νυκλι κελαινον,
Ειδεπερ, ὡς χοανϑ, μεγα φλοξ' ανεκαιε βερεθρον.
Αλλα γε ζαχρηεῖς φλογες αιθαλοεντος ἀϑαο
Ουλι φοως φανερωσαν, αλαρ ζοφον εξοραασθαι,
Ὅς λυγρως μεν εδειξε μονον πολυδακρυν ερημον,
Αλγεϑ ἣν παλρην, πενθεῦς ζχιας, ἣσι ϖαρεσλη
Ουδεπολ' Ειρηνη φιλομειδης, Ἡσυχιη τε
Πολνια, τας ϛυγεσιν Ερινῦς, και Φυγεν Ελπις,
Πασι φερσα φοως, αιει αλαρ αχθϑ επειγει,
Βενθεσιν εν ϛυγερος, βασανϑ μαλα ριγεδανοιο,
Και κλυσμϑ τροφοεις περιαιθομενοιο ϑεειϑ.
Τοιον ὁ ΠΑΝΔΑΜΑΤΩΡ μιαροις πελανυσσε βερεθρον,
Τοιον Ὅ'γ' ες κεραμον, πανυ ηεροενλα, καθηκεν,
Τηλ' ὑπαλοιο ΘΕΟΙΟ, και παμφανοωνλϑ Ολυμπϑ,
Τρις τοσον εσλ' απο γῆς μεγαλ' Ουλυμποιο καρηνα.

Ὤμοι

PARADISE LOST.

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd.
Such place Eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their priſon ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet,
As far remov'd from GOD and light of heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmoſt pole.

O how

Cladis ibi comites flammarum in gurgite volvi
Dux cernit miſer attonitos, multoque rotatos
Turbine; et adjunctum lateri, qui proximus ipſi
Criminibus ſceptriſque, inſano agitarier æſtu:
Ille Paleſtina longo poſt tempore notus,
Nomine Balzebus: quem cæli acerrimus hoſtis
(Cœlicolæ hinc Satanam memorant) audacibus ultro
Compellans dictis horrenda ſilentia rupit:
Si ſis ille idem! verum o quam everſus, ab illo
Quantum o mutatus, lætis qui lucis in oris
Tot rutilorum unus ſuperabas millia longe
Cœlicolum, eximio radiorum indutus amictu!
Si ſis ille, mihi ſocium quem fœdus idemque
Conſilium, quem ſpes eadem et commune periclum
Auſi participem ingentis junxere; ruina

Nunc

PARADISE LOST.

O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and, weltring by his ſide,
One, next himſelf in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' arch enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence thus began.
If thou beeſt he; but o how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who, in the happy realms of light

Cloath'd

Ὦ μοι αυγὴ, ενθεν οἱ καππεσον, ὥς ανομοι.
Ενθ' ἑταρυς, βρονλων ριπὴ ριφθενλας, οπωπεν
Ιφι γε ρωομενυς δια δαιομενοιο θαλασσης,
Χιλιαδας, δ' επιμιξ ενι λαιλαπι ζαφλεγεθονλι,
Και πυρι αιθομενοιο εν ηνεμοεσσιν εναυλοις,
Καδδε κυλινδομενον δ' ανα κυμαθ' ἑν' εγγυθ' ἑαυλυ,
Δευλερῳ ἦν δυναμιν θ' ὅγ', αποζασιν ὥς ζφιν αμοιβην,
Ὃν ρα μεῖ' οφιγονοισι Βεελζεβυλ εκ τ' ονομαζεν
Γαια Παλαιζινη: ᾧ δηϊῳ ἡγεμονευων,
Ὃν Σαλαννην εκαλεσσεν Ολυμπος, αναιδεσ' επεσσι,
Αρχομενῳ, ζιγην αναρηγνυλο οκρυοεσσαν.
Ει δ' αρα ζυ μεν ὁ οὗτος: αλαρ, ποποι, ὥς μελαζρεφθεις,
Ὡς απ' εκεινυ, ὅς πολλον περιλαμπεν ἁπανλων,
Μυριαδων, αυγην επιειμενος ηελιοιο,
Και μαλα μαρμαρεων, μακαρ' υδεϊ παμφανοωνλι:
Ει δ' αρα ζυ μεν ὁ οὗλος, ὅν ορκι' αμοιβα ταμονλα
Βυλαι, και μεν εελπις ενι ζηθεσσιν εἴσῃ
Ζευγνυσαν αρρηκλως, μεγ' αριζευονλα κυδοιμῳ,

Ατη

PARADISE LOST.

Cloath'd with tranſcendent brightneſs, didſt outſhine
Myriads tho' bright! if he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now miſery hath join'd

E

In

Nunc ſors una pari junxit: de culmine quanto
Corruimus, ſentis, quantaque voragine merſi.
Scilicet hunc tantum evexere tonitrua, nulli
Nota prius fera tela. At me, ſi tota ruat vis
Telorum, et quocunque aliud violentior ira
Victoris quondam inveniet, non franget, atroxve
Mutabit mihi cor, ſpecies licet extera formæ
Mutetur; neque enim, quæ ſpretæ injuria movit
Virtutis, generoſa animo faſtidia cedent.
Ergo ipſi haud veritus bellum intentare Tonanti
Cœlicolum immenſas ducebam in prælia turmas,
Quot juga detrectare auſi, dominumque volentes
Me potius, vires quas Iſte coegerat omnes
Per latos cœli dubio certamine campos
Viribus aggreſſi adverſis, ſoliumque ſupremum
Concuſſere. Eſto; palmam infelicibus alter
Præripuit; ſed mens ſupereſt immota, nec ullis

Debellanda

PARADISE LOST.

In equal ruin: into what pit thou ſeeſt
From what height fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and, till then, who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? yet, not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent, or change,

Though

Ατη νυν μεν εμοι αλυΐως ζευγνυσσεν ὁμοιη,
Ποιοις εν βενθεσσιν ἄδϑ εριπονΐε κεωμεν
Δερκεις. Τοσσον ὁ μεν κρεισσων προμαχοισιν Εκειν
Μιχθη βρονΐησας. Τις Τῦ προεοιδ' αλεγεινα
Τευχη; Αλλ' ολοην ειπερ Θ' Ὅγε λυσσαν εδυνε,
Τιννυσας αμμ' εκπαγλοΐατ', ϑ μεΐανῦς ποΐ' αλασσω,
Εξω περ αλαγεις, Θυμον ενι ϛηθεσι ϛηρον,
Ὅ'ς ρ' εμε τῷ ΥΠΑΤΩ, προμον αἵρομ ὧρσε μαχεσθαι,
Και δεινην κραΐερως ες αὔτην ηγε φαλαγϛας,
Μυρια πνευμαΐ' Αρη, ἄ, Θωρεχθενΐα, Τυραννον
Κῆροϑι ϖασυγεονΐ', εμε δε προβεβϑλοΐ' Εκεινϑ,
Μαρνανΐ' ανΐιβιην μεθ' ὁμηγυριν ϑρανιωνων,
Και ζεισμῷ Θρονον Ὅυ μεγαληορ εξελελιξαν.
Ορσεο ουΐι ταφων: κραΐος εξαπολωλε; δε παντα
Ουδεποτ', ἡ τισις, Θ' ἡ βϑλη ϑκ επιεικΐ,

PARADISE LOST.

Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the MIGHTIEST rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,
And ſhook his throne. What tho' the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,

Debellanda malis, ſed flecti neſcia virtus,
Immortale odium, vindictæ arrecta cupido,
Et quodcunque uſquam vinci frangive recuſat.
Hos mihi nunquam adimet, nunquam extorquebit honores,
Non rabie indomita, non vi. Victumne ſuperbos
Me volvi ante pedes, et inertia flectere genua?
Orabo veniam ſupplex, et habebitur ultro
Iſte mihi DEUS, Iſte hujus terrore lacerti
Pallidus haud pridem, ac regno nutante tremiſcens?
Tunc eſſem ſane abjectus, tunc clade vel ipſa
Fœdius opprobium paterer. Quoniam auſpice fato
Igneus ille deum vigor et cœleſtis origo
Morte carent; quoniam et belli gravis exitus armis
Haudquaquam fractos uſu meliora magiſtro
Edocuit:

PARADISE LOST.

And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me; to bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfal; ſince by fate the ſtrength of gods

And

Ις ϛυγεος, θυμ@ μενεαινων εν ϖραπιδεσσι,
Και θαρσος φυγον ϗδεποΐ' ϗ μεγα νεικος Αρη@,
Ταυλα, και ὁσσον αμαιμακεΐον φρεσιν ἡμελερησιν.
" Ουδεποΐ' αλλ' ϗ, ειδεπερ ΑΣΤΕΡΟΠΗΤΑ κεραυνῳ
" Πρηνεῖς ριψε βοωπας ες ηεροενϯα βερεθρα,
" Ρηγιον εκϯανυσας πϯεροεν μεν@ ασϯεροπαων,
" Πυθμενοθεν ϰ̀ ὁλον σμερδνως πελεμιξεν Ολυμπον
" Δαιομενον δη"--- νε βι', νε γε μην' αλεγεινη
Τρυζων, προπροκυλινδομεν@ γυναϲσομ' εγωγε,
Αρτι βραχιων ἕτ@ ὅν αινα τρομῦνϯα ταραξε ;
Τυτο καληφειη, μεγ' ονειδ@, αασπεΐος αιδως
Αθαναϯοισιν, εειπερ ὁ χωομενοιο κεραυν@
Αϐρομος ουρανοθεν ες Ταρϯαρον ἦκε βαθιϛον.
Και γαρ μοιρᾳ θεων μεν ὑποϛασις ἡδ' αμαρανϯ@,
Ουχι και ἡττηθεντες Ενυαλιοιο γεφυραις,
Προσσω πολλ' ὁροωντες ετ', αυθ' ἁμα δαιμονι Τυχῃ

Ηε

Ver. 114.—" Ουδεποτ' αλλ'] Hos quatuor verſiculos, paucoſque alios ſparſim, quibus commata prefiguntur, auſi ſumus, temere forſan, ſuperaddere Divino Poemati Anglico. Anne lector eruditus hiſce novis ignoſcet verbis, Θεολογ@, Χρυσοβαΐης, Νεκρογερϯης, et ſimilibus ?

PARADISE LOST.

And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event,
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,

F We

Edocuit: quin tandem alacres vi, fraude, tenaces
Propoſiti, paciſque haud unquam in fœdus ituri,
Vexamus dirum æternis aſſultibus Hoſtem?
Qui jam ſecurus lætos ſine more triumphos
Toto agitat cœlo Victor, ſua nec capit amens
Gaudia, quod ſupera ſolus dominetur in arce.
  Hæc Satanas alta jactabat voce, ſed acres
Cura gravis ſtimulos imo ſub pectore verſat;
Olli Balzebus ſcelerato retulit ore:
  O Rex armipotens, o qui celſiſſimus omnes
Imperio exſuperas, ſceptris quicunque ſuperbi
Auſpicio duxere tuo metuenda minatas
Bella Seraphinas acies; quas fortibus auſis
Impavidas ſenſit ſuperæ Rex arduus aulæ,
Quærentes num vi ſceptrum caſuve teneret,
An fato: heu nimium memori mihi pectora tangit
Exitus immanis, nos qui cœleſtibus oris
Detruſit, tantaque ingentes clade cohortes,

Quantum

PARADISE LOST.

We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy,
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heav'n.
  So ſpake th' apoſtate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.

O prince,

Ηε βι', η απαλη δεινως δυναμεσθα τ' ελασσειν
Ασβεσλην επ' εριν Θ' υπαλον Θεολοιγον εκεινον
Ο'ς μεγα χαλχαλοων μον@ Ουλυμποιο Τυραννο@.
Αγγελ@ ως φαλ' αποσλαλα, καιπερ ε πενθος αμυξεν,
Ευχομεν@, φρενας ενδον επαινα δ' ανελπι ταραχθεις,
Και τονδ' εξαιφα θρασυς ως απαμειβεθ' εταιρ@.
Ω βασιλευ, πολλοις κραλερως βασιλευσιν αναξας,
Ο'ς μεν αλαβης ηγινες πολεμονδε φαλαγγας
Των Σεραφειμ, και ζατρομεονλα Τυραννον Ολυμπω,
Ο'ς βελαϊ γαιων υφω παμφαινε παλαι@,
Αθαναλον προκαλιζεο, και μεγαλ' εκτυπεονλα,
Τυχη, η μοιρ', η ηφιν κρατεονλα βιηφιν,
Παχυ μαλ' εισοροων, συγερην οιμωζομ' αϋτην,
Η μεν εριγδουπους' ημας απαμερσεν Ολυμπω,
Τωλονι και σραλον ολον απειρονα καββαλεν εισω

Σπηλαιω

PARADISE LOST.

O prince, o chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I ſee, and rue, the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt,

In

Quantum celſa deum potuit natura perire,
Turbavit: mens ſpirat adhuc invicta, vigorque
Sponte redit, vitæ quanquam periere prioris
Gaudia, et æterno merſatur gloria luctu.
Sin fors OMNIPOTENS (hoc tandem nomine cogor
Dignari; neque enim tales minor ulla poteſtas
Viciſſet vires) noſtrum hunc ſupereſſe vigorem
Paſſus, ut æternos melius tolerare labores
Poſſimus ſine fine, et longum ultricibus iris
Sufficere; hic imo uſque Erebo victoris iniqui
Ad nutum medios penſa exercere per ignes,
Aut denſis inviſa ſequi mandata ſub umbris.
Quid juvat integras vires ſervare, perenni
Quid ſupereſſe ævo, pœnas ſi vita perennes
Hororum fœcunda ferat? Quem deinde rebellis
Dux populi aggreditur præceps et talibus infit:

Degener

PARADISE LOST.

In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if He, our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'erpow'r'd ſuch force as ours)

Have

Σπηλαιῳ φοβερως Cλρυγεῖσθαι ενθαδε, Ιοσσον
Αμμ' επιΙελραπΙαι Cλρυγεσθαι ανΙιθεοισιν :
Πνευμα φρενες Ιε γαρ ϐΙι θεων Cλερνοισι μαρανθεν,
Αυγη ειδεπερ ἡμελερη δ' απολωλε και ολϛ
Ηερι Cμερδαλεῃ ΙΪ χαινομενοιο Cπεη.
Αλλα τι Ο' κραΙεων, ὃν εγωγε νομιζομ' αναγκῃ
ΠΑΝΚΡΑΤΟΡ', ἡμων ΙοιϐΙ δαμασειε φαλαγγας,
" Τοσσον Ὄγ' ασΙραψας μεγαλ' εκλυπεν εκ νεφελαων,
Η'μιν πνευμ' επεδωκε και ισχυν κηδεα πασχειν,
Αμμεις ὥς δϐλοι μεν, οδυσσαμενοιο γ' ΑνακΙ,
Καδδικην πολεμϐ, ὁππως οἱ ηθελε θυμ,
Εργα ρεζωμεν 'Εΰ πραπιθ' εν φλεγεθονΙι γεεννης,
Αγγελοι νε πεΙωμεθ' ενι ζοφοις ωκεανοιο ;
Ταυτα δε Ιι χραισμῃ μεν, εειπερ ὑπαρχομεν αυτοι
Ὡς αμαραντοι, αει ολοοις φλοξ' ιφι δαμηναι ;
Τονδ' επεσι πτεροεσσ' αρχ προσεφωνεε δαιμων.

ΤετΙα,

PARADISE LOST.

Have left us this our ſpirit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep ?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal puniſhment ?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd.

Degener atque oblire tui! patiamur, agamus,
Quicquid erit, miſerum eſt fracto cecidiſſe vigore:
At nos, quæ ſors cunque ferat, perſtabimus iidem,
Gens adverſa bono æternùm, pravique quod uſquam eſt
Certa ſequi; inviſi quicquid ſuprema tyranni
Vox prohibet, labor is nobis, ea ſola voluptas.
Ille mali de fonte bonum deducere quærit;
Sit noſtrum fini quæſito obſtare, malumque
Extorquere bono. Quoties cruciabitur Hoſtis,
Conſilia eludi dum ſentiet intima, metâ
Propoſitâ noſtras penitùs deflexa per artes?
En verò irarum referentes tela miniſtros
Ad cœlum revocat Victor: cum ſulphure grando
Jam poſuit; flammarum omnis deſæviit æſtus,
Æthereo qui nos dudum de culmine miſſos

Ex-

PARADISE LOST.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable,
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we reſiſt. If then his Providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps

Shall

Τετλα, πεπον, μινυρ@ ποι', ακριλομυθ', αγορευσας ;
Πεισομεθ' ηε γε ρεξομεν, ὥς ολιγοδρανεσιν
Παγχυ οϊζυρον μινυριζειν πημα θεοισι.
Το πρεπον, ήδυ παλαι, κραδιη εχθισλον εμειο,
Τῷ νυ κακισ‹α μονον περι κηρ' εκπαγλα φιλωμεν,
Ὁ‚τλι και ὥς βελην ὑπαλοιο λαραξομεν Εχθρε.
Ει δ' Αυλος προϊδων αγαθ' εξελξειε κακοιο,
Αιει αμμι πον@ κραλερως κακα ραπλεμεν ανλην,
Εχθρῳ μαρναμενοιν, αγαθῳ λε κακισλα μελαλλᾶν.
Ει κε γενοιλ' ανυσις, κραδιην πολυ πενθ@ επειξει,
Ει μεν μανλις εγω, και ενι βελῃφι λαραχθεις,
Της ζακολῶν απαλης, νεοθεν φιλον ἦτορ αμυξει.
Αυλαρ εσειδε φοβοιο και οβριμοενλ@ ιωκης
Ανκαλεεσκεν ΈΚΗΒΟΛΟΣ βλυμπονδε χολωθεις
Ὅ‚ιο ὑπηρελας : αινη παμφλεγεθσα χαλαζη,
Ἤν ΈΚΑΕΡΓΟΣ ἰεῖ, δεμας αιθομενοιο θυελλης,
Νωϊν επι κρολαφοις, ομβρε παυσασα δυσηχῆς,
Ληξαλ' ορινεμεν εκπαγλως μεγα κυμα θεειε,
Αμμεας ὅ ῤοφι δειν' εριπονλας εδεξαλο χανδον
Ουρανοθεν,

PARADISE LOST.

Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of heav'n : the ſulphurous hail,
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling ; and the thunder,
Wing'd

Excepit: quin fulguris alâ invecta rubenti
Iras effudere tonitrua, laſſaque ceſſant
Per vaſtum immenſumque altè reboare profundum.
Dextrum igitur tempus (ſeu nos jam ſpreverit Hoſtis
Securus, ſeu tandum acres ſatiaverit iras)
Captemus. Viden' abruptum diffundier æquor,
Incultus latè campos, omnique carentes
Luce plagas, niſi quæ liventibus edita flammis
Exilit, incertoque tremiſcit pallida motu?
Illic igniti fugientes gurgitis æſtum
Quæramus tandem ſpatium requiemque dolori,
Siqua ibi ſit requies; cogenteſque agmina fracta
Tentemus quæ ſit potior ſententia; quid nos
Reſtituat; dirum irrîtet quid atrociùs Hoſtem;
Quo mala vincamus ſtudio; quas vivida vires
Spes dederit: ſin ſpes abſit, quin mittimus ultrò
Sperare? Hoc animos, ipſum hoc fera pectora firmet.

His

PARADISE LOST.

Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip the occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend

From

Ουρανοθεν, και βρονΐων ριπη ριγεδαναων,
Θυριδ@ ασΐεροπης πΐερυγεσσ' επι θεσπιδη@,
Λῆξε βοαων αυιαχως αν' απειρονα πονΐον.
Ηε καΐαφρωνησις επΐρεψ' ηε χολοιο
Αργαλεοιο χορ@, πειθῆυ, ορσωμεθα θασσον.
Τυΐοϊ Ιο πΐεδιον δερκεις δυσαμορφον, ερημον,
Φῶΐ@ δευομενον, δ' η ὁπποΐ' αν αἱ φλογες ωκραι
Σμερδαλεως ανα Ιον ζοφον εκφλεγεθυσι βοωνΐες;
Ενθαδ' ικωμεθ', αγ', ενθ', ει γε γλυκυθυμ@ ενοικῃ
Ειρηνη, Ιαδε κυμαΐα εκφυγεονΐε θεειυ
Λαβρον ορινομενοιο, ζυν ἀμῃ πληθυϊ βυλας
Βυλευσειν, πως Δηϊον εξερεθιζεμεν αμμων,
Πως μεΐα φυζαν αρειονε, ποιον εν ελπισι χαρμα,
Ηε μεν@ ποιον ζυγερῃ εν ανελπι δερχεσθαι.

Ω''ς

PARADISE LOST.

From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And, reaſſembling our afflicted powers,
Conſult, how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our Enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what reſolution from deſpair.

His comitem affatus, ſublimi vertice fluctus
Exſuperans, oculiſque procul flammantibus ardens
Exſtabat Satanas; vaſto dum flumine proni
Immanes membrorum artus per jugera multa
Undabant. Non illum ingenti mole minaces
Vincebant (quos fama canit) telluris alumni
Auſi inferre Jovi bellum, Briareuſque tremendus
Et Typhon, magnus magno exporrectus in antro
Antiquam ad Tarſon: non illum ipſa horrida ponti
Bellua, quæ fluctus inter mirabile monſtrum
Navigat, æquoreæque exultat maxima gentis.
Olim hæc noctivagæ rectori viſa biremis,
Norvegii ſalis in ſpumâ dum fortè quieſcit,

(Sic

PARADISE LOST.

Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes,
That ſparkling blaz'd; his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den

By

Ὣς Σαλανας Ϛχεδον αυλϐ μακρα προσηυδασ' ἑλαιρον,
Καρ δ' επαειρομενϴ πελαγῦς ὑπερ: ομμαλα δεινως
Λιην ϊειρομενοιο, πυρι φλεγεθονλα, φαανθεν.
Οἷο ρεθηα βαρισθ' ἑλερ' εν βαραθρωδεϊ κολπῳ
Μακρον και μεγαλωσλι κυλινδομενοιο ϊανυσλο
Προπρηνη, πλεθρων επι πολλων: ϊοσσϴ εκειλο
Δαιμων, ενθα και ενθα παρῃορϴ ειν ἁλι κηλεῳ.
Δαιμων ϊοσσϴ εκειλο μεν, ὁσσϐς επεσκον αοιδοι
Τϐς Τϊανϴ, γηγειναμενϐς, οἳ Ζηνι μαχονλο,
Σμερδαλεον Βριαρεων, ᾧ αμϐαλϴ εσκεν Ολυμπϴ,
Ηε Τυφωεα, ὅς ρα πελωριϴ, εννοσιγαιϴ,
Δεινον Ϛπηϊ ϊαθη Ταρσϐ προπαροιθε παλαιης:
Κηλεϊ η ὃγ' εϊκθ', ὃ ΘΕΟΣ μεν εθηκε μεγισλον
Των, ἄγε νηχονλαι δια δ' ωκεανοιο ρεεθρων:
Τῷ βριζονλ' ισως πονλῳ μεγακηλ' επικυρσας
Βορεαο φαλεριοωνθ' ὁ νεηα κυϐερνῶν,

Νησον

PARADISE LOST.

By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea beaſt
Leviathan, which GOD of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:
Him, haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff

Deeming

(Sic perhibent nautæ) vaſta inſula creditur, amplo
Immenſum porrecta ſinu; latus anchora prenſat
Squamoſum, et tutâ fruitur ſtatione magiſter,
Dum pontum obvelant tenebræ, luxque alma moratur.
Talem cernere erat flammantes vincta per undas
Membra exporrectum Satanam: nec membra levâſſet
Ex alto rurſum emergens, ni ſponte ſupremo
Omnipotens nutu paſſus maleſana patrare
Auſa animi effrænis, diros explere furores,
Et ſceleri ſcelus, et pœnas ſuperaddere pœnis.
Hinc aliis quæ tela amens molitur, in ipſum
Autorem detorta cadunt; ſeſe ipſe ſuæque
Invidiæ ſtimulos furiaſque incuſat atroces:
Aſt homini, ſævâ incautum quem luſerat arte,
Dona videt frendens cœlo demiſſa, favorem
Numinis effuſum atque æterni pignus amoris.
Continuò immenſam attollit de gurgite molem
Arduus: hinc atque hinc diviſo flumine abactæ

Diſſiliunt

PARADISE LOST.

Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind,
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays.
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,

That

Νησον εελπομενϑ, ϑ' ὡς ναυλαι πολλακ' ενισπον,
Αγκυρᾳ πηγνυμενῃ πλευρῳ λεπιδωδεϊ μεινει
Νυκλα δι' αμβροσιην, φιλεαν πολιδεγμενϑ ἦω.
Ὠς μεγας ειν αργηλι ϑαλασσᾳ δ' εκειλο λανυσϑεις
Δαιμων δεσμευϑεις, ϗδ' ἕ̃ επαειρε καρηνον,
Ει μη ὑψισϝ βϗλη επέρεψε ΘΕΟΙΟ,
Ὠς ζυγερον βασανισμα γε νηεασειεν επ' αυλῳ
Ανϑ' ἑλερϗς ὁρμαινομενῳ μαλα νηλεϊ ϑυμῳ,
Ασπελον ηδ' ελεϑ μεν ἀλις βλεψειε χολωϑεις
Ανϑρωποισι χαρισϑεν, ὁ ὅ̃ς απαλησεν αλειλης,
Αυλαρ ἐ δ' εκπαγλως ενερη δαμασειεν Ερινυς
Νειοϑεν εξ Ερεβεῦσφι βαρυσλεναχονλα βαϑισϝ.
Πονλοϑεν ορϑωϑεις λαχεως μεγας ωρνυλο δαιμων:
Ενϑα και ενϑα διελμαγεν αἱ φλογες ὑψ' ὑπ' αελλης,

Τας

PARADISE LOST.

That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhewn
On man, by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames

Diſſiliunt flammarum undæ, fluctuſque recedunt
Præcipites: medio vallis patet horrida ponto.
Inde volans latè explicitis per inania pennis
Panditur, et denſum inſolitâ premit aera mole;
Dum tandem ſiccæ conſidit littore terræ,
Si modò terra foret, liquido non mitior æſtu
Quæ ſolido ſtetit igne rigens, taliſque videri,
Qualis, ubi rupem ingentem de fronte Pelori
Aurarum vis ſubtus agens, Ætnæ-ve tonantis
Præruptum latus avellit, cui viſcera flammam
Concipiunt facilem, et nativo fomite ſulphur
Dans ventis animos fornacibus æſtuat imis;
Horrendo fœtore gravis fumoque peruſta
Squalet agri facies. Tali ſe littore ſiſtit

Diri

PARADISE LOST.

Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air,
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land, that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide

Of

Τας ἱρομεϑσας, οπισϑε φερων, ανεμοιο ιωη
Αργεσταο κορυξε γε, και μεγαλῳ αλαλητῳ
Κυμα κυλινδομενον δια δ' ωκεανοιο μεσοιο
Δεινον, παμφλεγεϑον τε ϑ' ὑπεκπέλανυσσε βερεϑρον.
Και τοτε πλησαμενῳ πλερυγεσσι πέλαννυμενοισιν
(Ηερ δη μεγαλ' εβραχε, δαιμονῳ ορνυμενοιο,
Βριϑοσυνῃ) βλοσυροφ ὅγε δαιμων χερσον ικανει,
Ει χερσῳ μεν, αει Ζεφυρειης ὅς φλοξι δεδηε,
Ω''ς λιμνη ὑγραις, και εισοροωντι φανειη,
Ω''ς ὑπογειϖ ις μεταγει ανεμοιο κολωνην
Πέτρας απο τραχηῳ, ορῦς μεγαλοιο, Πελωρϖ,
Δρυφϑεισην αραϐῳ, η τριχϑα διατρυφεν Αἰτνης
Πλευρον μακρα βρομῦντῳ, ὁῦ ποτε Ζπλαγχα ζεοντα,
Ριγεδανως τεταραχϑεντ' αιϑομενοισι μετάλλοις,
Αινα ϑυονϑ' ὑφϖ ριπην αιξϖσι ϑυελλης,
Και εἰλισσϖσι προϑελυμνον επ' αιϑερα καπνον.

Ω''ς

PARADISE LOST.

Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoak: ſuch reſting found the ſole

Of

Diri planta pedis !---Sociorum proximus ipſum
Subſequitur : ſe more deûm virtute receptâ
Jactabat Stygias proprio viciſſe paludes
Impete, nec Domini nutum expectâſſe Superni.
Hæc regio, hæc tellus, ergo hæ mihi littoris oræ,
(Clamat cœlicolûm dux obrutus) hæccine ſedes
Ætheriis mutanda plagis, hæ luce beatâ
Squalentes tenebræ ?---Bene habet, quum ſcilicet Iſti
Sic viſum, qui ſceptra ferox indebita jactat :
Eſto; juvat: quantùm potis eſt, procul, ô procul Illo
Sejunctus vivam, quem fati æquaverat ordo,
Vis ſuper æquales nunc extulit. Arva valete
Dulcia, fœlices capi, æterniſque fluentes
Deliciis ! Salvete horrores ! Tu mihi ſalve
Infernum ! Voſque interiùs nova pandite regna

Magno

PARADISE LOST.

Of unbleſs'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſuff'rance of Supernal Power.
Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-Angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for heav'n, this mournful gloom

For

Ὠς ὑπο πυδεσσιν μιαροις ανεκαιελο χερσ@.
Οἰραλεως, (χεδοθεν βασιληϊ, οἱ εἰπεθ' ἑλαιρ@,
Αμφοιν ευχομενων φλοισβον Σλυγ@ αιθομενοιο
Φευγεμεν, ὥς θεοι, υδ' επίρεψ', αλλ ἤφι βιηφι.
Τυλυϊ παιριδ@, αγγελ@ ὥς παναπόλμ@ ενισπεν
Αρχ@, αμειβεομεν, (πεῦς, ὦ ποποι, αμφιμελαινυ,
Σπειῦς, ριγισιοιο, κεχηνοι@, αιπυν Ολυμπον;
Ακλιν' αριπρεπεα λυγρης ἰης νυκι@ ερεμνης;
Εῤῥ', ολοη Κηρ: Σημανίωρ νυνι θ' ἡμιν ανασσει,
Μηνιϊ μαινομεν@: ἑκας αιεν αρισίον απ' Αυίυ,
Ὀν λογ@ ισον εθηκε, βιη μεν ὑπειρεχεν αλλων,
Ὠν ἑιαρων. Ὠ μοι, πεδι' υρανυ ανθεμοεν@,
Παμμακαρ' ηδε πανολβια, παῖρη γηθοσυναων
Ἰμεροεις. Ενερων εχθισίον, χαιρε, βερεθρον,
Οκρυοεν περ: χαιρε (υ, Ταρίαρ@ περοειδης,

Κοιρανεια

PARADISE LOST.

For that celeſtial light? Be it ſo, ſince he,
Who now is Sov'reign, can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reaſon hath equal'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewel, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and, thou profoundeſt hell,

Receive

Magno habitatori, atque imis capite alta cavernis
Tartara, cui mentem non tempora, non loca mutant.
Mens locus ipſa ſibi eſt; Erebum Cœlumque facit mens.
Quid refert ubi ſim, ſi perſtem immotus et idem,
Et qualem decet, haud ipſo, ſi fulmina tantùm
Abjiciat, Victore minor? Quin otia ſaltem
Ducere in his dabitur tenebris, niſi et iſta tyrannus
Invideat loca, et hinc aliis nos exigat armis.
Saltem hic ſecuri dominabimur: Hoc bene regnum
Tanto emitur bello: Sic, ſic regnare ſub umbris
Præſtat, quàm ſuperi ſervire per atria cœli.
At quorſùm fidos comites ſocioſque ruinæ
Lethæo attonitos patimur ſub gurgite volvi?

Quidni

PARADISE LOST.

Receive thy new poſſeſſor; one, who brings
A mind, not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than He,
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' ALMIGHTY hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:

Here

Κοιρανεμα δεδεξο νεον, ὅς θυμον ενειχε,
Οὐν χρονῳ ϰχι μελασιρεψει ποποῖ', η ιοπῳ ϰπως.
Θυμῳ ἑοῖ ιοπῳ επλειο, ϰαι ἑοῖ ηε γεεννη
Ουρανῳ η, ϰ' εθελονῖι γε: χωομενϰ αλεγιζω,
Εϰ ϰε μενῶ μεν, μϰνον ΕΡΙΓΔΟΥΠΟΙΟ χερειων,
Βρονῖησιν ἠσιν μεγαλως επικοιρανεονῖῳ;
Αλλα μεν ἡμεις ενθαδ' εσωμεθ' ελευθεροι: αυῖω
Ενθα ΠΑΝΑΡΧΟΣ μηπως οικοδομησε μεγαιρας.
Αμμεας, ειπ', ενῖευθε διωξει; ενθα ιυραννοι
Εσσομεθ' ασφαλεες, ϰαι μεν, ϰ' εθελονῖῳ εμειο,
Κρειων ειμ' ὑπερηνορεων ενι βενθες' ἁδαο.
Βελῖερον αρχῳ εειν Ερεβεῖ, η δϰλῳ Ολυμπῳ.
Αλλα τιη πισῖϰς ϰῖως μεν αφειμεν ἑῖαιρϰς,
Ιση δ' αργαλεως Ϛυν ἡμιν μοιρᾳ πεσονῖας,
Κεισθαι αλυζομενϰς Ϛμερδνως επιλησμονι πονῖῳ;

Θασσον,

PARADISE LOST.

Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and co-partners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,

And

Quidni has in ſedes ſortemque vocamus iniquam
Regni infœlicis; vel ut experiamur in armis
Quid cœli regione datur reparare, vel imo
Perdere (ſiquid adhuc perdendum reſtat) Averno?
Hæc Satanus. Cui ſic Balzebus: Magne cohortum
Latè effulgentum ductor, quas noverat unus
Viciſſe OMNIPOTENS! Illam ſimul agmina vocem
Audierint, pignus ſemper prædulce ſalutis,
Bellorum extremâ rabie ancipitique tumultu
Auditam toties; ſigno quo protinus omnes
Tot quondam in cœdes, diſcrimina tanta ruebant;
Illa repente alacreſque animos agilemque vigorem
Reſtituet; quanquam ignito jam gurgite pronos
Urget iners, qualem et dudum nos ſenſimus, horror:
Tantâ deciderunt vaſtum per inane ruinâ!

Finierat

PARADISE LOST.

And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more loſt in hell?
So Satan ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' OMNIPOTENT none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft

In

Θασσον, αγ', ορσωμεσθα, διαπρυσιον βοοωνλες,
Ο"ν πολμον λ' εχεμεν ενι Ταρλαρῳ ηεροενλι,
(" Τοσσ@ ενωρλο γοος, κλαυθμ@ και βρυγμ@ οδονλων)
Η λευχεσσ' αναλαμπομενυς εν απειρον' Ολυμπῳ
Α'ιρεμεν η κλε@, η ενι βενθεσι ριγιον αλλο.
Ω"ς φαλο, και κακομηχανον ὥς προσεειπεν ἑλαιρ@.
Τῦ Cλραλυ ορχαμε, ληλ' ενι ενλεσι μαρμαιρονλ@,
Ο"ν μεν Ο' ΒΡΟΝΤΗΣΑΣ μυν@ κραλεσειε χεραυνοις,
Φθεγλεο, ὥσλε κυδοιμῳ πολεμοιο γεγωνως
Καρλε@ εμπλησας, θασσον δ' ανασλανλες ορθσι:
Κυμβαχοι ειδεπερ ηδε τεθηπολες οἷγ' ἁμα κεινλαι,
Αμμεις ὥς αρλι, δινais φλεγεθυσι θαλασσης.
Τις λοδ' αν, εικεν ιδοιλο μεν οφθαλμοισιν εχεφρων,
Θαυμαζοι, κρημνυ εκ Cμερδαλεοιο πεσονλας;

Ω"ς

PARADISE LOST.

In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage, and revive, tho' now they lye
Grov'ling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, aſtounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height!

Finierat: magnâque ad littora mole ſuperbus
Lenta tulit Satanas veſtigia: grande retortum
A tergo, maſſâ ætheriâ, vaſtum atque rotundum,
Pendebat Scutum, immanes radiantibus oris
Amplectens humeros, qualis cum veſpere Luna
Fæſuleâ ſuper arce, aut lætis vallibus Arni
Cernitur Artifici Thuſco, dum lumine vitri
Dædaleo adjutus maculoſo explorat in orbe
Monteſque fluvioſque vagos terraſque recentes.
Innixus ſublimi Haſtæ, (cui maxima Pinus
Norvegiis ſi ſtrata jugis componitur, illo
Utatur malo quanquam Prætoria Puppis,
Virgula erit,) ſuper arva gradus ſuſtentat iniquos.
Ignea, quantùm illis placidi per cærula cœli
Diſſimiles! Omni intereà regione furentes

Incubuere

PARADISE LOST.

He ſcarce had ceas'd, when the ſuperior fiend
Was moving tow'rd the ſhore: his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders, like the moon, whoſe orb
Thro' optick glaſs the Tuſcan Artiſt views
At ev'ning from the top of Feſole,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,

Rivers,

Ω'ς μεν ελεγε μολις, δαιμων οποθ' ηγεμονευων
Πιλναΐ' επ' ηϊονηϊ, βαρειης αιγιδος αυλης
(Κυκλοτερες, μεγ', επηρανιον πολε θαυμα τετυκτο)
Αμφ' ωμοις κρατερος υπολαμπομενοιο: φαεινη
Αιγις θεσπεσιως πλατυς ωσπερ ελαμπε σεληνη,
Ης πανυ θαυμασιην δισκος θ' ὁδε σφαιραν αμολγω
Τυρσηνος, φρεσι πευκαλιμησι κεκασμενος, εἶδεν
Ακρης εκ Φεσολης μαλα λαμπεταωσαν αγαυως:
Η ενι Υλδαρνω χαινας μετααλλαν αρηρας,
Ουρεα η δνοφερ', η ποταμης ενι αιολοκυκλω.
Εγχεϊ μακρα βιβας (πιτυς Ουλυμποθε πεφυκως
Πρωοσιν ειν ακροις Νορυιας εειποσιφυλλης
Προρριζη τμηθεισα, μεγας ως ιστος αηρθη
Αρχης ποντοποροιο, μονον οἱ ραβδιον ειη)
Χερσον υπερφιαλος φλεγεθοντ' ελελιξεν, Ολυμπης
Αχτισιν ως ανομοιον αριζηλοιο; βιβωντα

Ηερ

PARADISE LOST.

Rivers, or mountains, in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, (to equal which the talleſt pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the maſt
Of ſome great Ammiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle (not like thoſe ſteps
On Heaven's azure!) and the torrid clime

Smote

Incubuere acres ardenti à fornice flammæ.
Ille autem tulit intrepidus, dum littora ponti
Tangeret ignivomi: clamat ſocia Agmina, formæ
Agmina cœleſtis, jam prona jacentia fluctu
Atque oblita ſui; numero tot, lapſa ſenili
Quot folia Autumno ſternuntur littoris oris
Valle ſub Umbroſâ, ſcenam quà Thuſca virentem
Ædificant nemora, atque altos curvantur in arcus:
Aut Rubro quàm multa Mari natat Ulva, procellis
Æquora cum verrit rapidis nimboſus Orion;
Quà Regem maleſanum undæ ſtravere ſecutum
Iſacidas: Illi ex tutâ ſpeculantur arenâ
Curruſque excuſſaſque rotas & pallida ponto
Corpora multa Virûm volvi. Tam denſa jacebat
Mœſta Cohors fluvium occultans, horrore ſepulta,
Mutatamque ſtupens ſedem & ſqualentia regna.

Intendit

PARADISE LOST.

Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire.
Nathleſs he ſo endur'd, 'till on the beach
Of that inflamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd
His legions, Angel-forms, who lay intranc'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves, that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd

Hath

Ηερ και μεν εκοψ', ἥ δεινας ορινε θυελλας
Μαρναμενοιο πυρ⊙. Αλλ' αυλος τοια πεπονθε,
Ἑιως καυσλειρης ἱςας ρηγμινι θαλασσης
Συν Ϛραλυς ωκ' εκαλεσσεν, ὅι εμβροντηλοι εκεινλο,
Φυλλα τ' οπωριν' ὥσπερ, ἅ ις ζεφυροιο κεδασσεν
Αργυρεαων κολπον ανα πληθονλα ροαων
Ειν Ὑλλομβρωσῃ πολυγηθεϊ, ἰαρφεα πρηνῆ
Χλωρ' ὁθι Τυρσηνων νεμεων μαλα μακρα ἰεθηλε:
Ηε κυλινδομενον φυκ⊙, ὁἷαν ηνεμοενλι
Ωριων πρυλυψε βιῃ δυπονλα θαλασσης
Ρηγμιν' ερυθραιης, εχαν' ἥ Βυσιριδ' ανακλι,
Μεμφιοις ηδ' ἱππευσιν, ὅλε κλονεονλες απιςως
Μαινομενοι εφοβῶν ἱερον γενος Ισαακιδαων,
Ὅι Ϛοοι εξ ακλης ιδον ανδρας, γηθοσυνοι κῆρ,
Ἀρμαλα και ρηχθενλ' ενι λῷ βαραθρωδεϊ πονλῳ.
Ὡς μεν ανα κλυσμον δ' επιμιξ ἰανυονλο Χερυβιμ
Πολλοι, πληγενλες Ϛυγερως μελαμορφοσι δεινῃ.

Τῦδε

PARADISE LOST.

Hath vex'd the red-ſea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris, and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floating carcaſes,
And broken chariot wheels: ſo thick beſtrown,
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

Intendit vocem Satanas, ſonitumque dedere
Antra profunda Erebi: O ingentibus inclyta ſceptris
Regum excelſa Manus, bello imperiiſque potentûm,
Flos cœli, quondam heu veſtri! Nunc arcibus illis
Cedendum, tantus corda immortalia torpor
Si teneat. Sed fortè libet decumbere fluctu,
Scilicet hìc Virtus bellis ut laſſa quieſcat,
Utque levem hìc ineat, cœli ceu valle, ſoporem!
An certum eſt adeò abjecto ſuccumbere geſtu
Victori, ſuperâ inſultans qui ſpectat ab arce
Illuſtres cœli Indigenas & celſa Seraphum
Agmina jactari rapido ludibria ponto,
Armaque ſignaque flammantes denſata per undas?
Jamque ardens meliorque loco pennata ſequentum
Turba Inimicorum ruet æthere, ſemianimeſque
Calcabit, triplici-ve infixos fulminis ictu
Uſque imum premet in barathrum. Quin rumpite ſomnos,
Surgite, vel fœdâ æternùm torpete ruinâ.

Audierant,

PARADISE LOST.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded: princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n! once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeize
Eternal ſpirits: or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find

To

Τῶδε βοησανίϑ, κοιλον βομβησε βερεϑρον
Ηεροεν. Βασιλεις, ἡρωες, κυδος Ολυμπυ,
Ὑμεἰεροιο παλαι γε, ἰιη δη κεισϑε ταφονἰες,
Αϑαναἰοι; ταυἰην ισως προβεβυλαἰ' αβυσσον,
Θεσπεσιην εριδος μεἰ' αϋἰην, ὥς ποἰ' Ολυμπυ
Αγκεσιν, ἐυδονἰες γλυκερως; η ΤΕΡΠΙΚΕΡΑΥΝΟΝ
Φαυλοι και ασυφηλοι ομοσσαἰε ὥς ζεβεεσϑαι,
Ο'ς, φρενας ενδον χωομενος μεγα, ζιφλωσειε,
Ει νυν ανα κλυσμον ζυν τευχεσι δαιδαλεοισι
Λευσσοι μισγομενυς; ἦ ρα, πἰεροενἰες αρισἰεῖς
Ἑως φϑαμενοι ἰυψωσ' ὑμας, Ουλυμποιο πυλωροι,
Ω'ς ολιγηπελεονἰας αν; η αψισσι κεραυνων
Πυϑμεν' επιζηριξωσιν πονἰοιο φλεγονίϑ;
Ορσασϑ' εσσυμενως, η αιει κεισϑε ἰαπεινοι.

Αψ'

PARADISE LOST.

To ſlumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
T' adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns; 'till anon
His ſwift purſuers from heav'n-gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping: or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of the gulph.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n!

They

Audierant, puduitque; aliſque micantibus omnes
Ociùs exiliere: Ut quondam nocte ſilenti
Caſtrorum Speculatores, ſi fortè ſopore
Oppreſſos metuendi offenderit ira Tribuni,
Membra repente levant languentibus excita ſomnis.
Nec verò immanis non perſenſere ruinæ
Pondera, nec gravium ſtimulis caruere dolorum;
At voci Ducis auſcultant, mora nulla, ruuntque
Innumeri. Veluti Amramidis cum Virga, Canopi
Littore vibrata infauſto, per rura juberet
Ire locuſtrarum nubem, quæ urgentibus Euris
Denſæ inſtar Noctis ſævi Pharaonis in oras
Venit, & horrendâ Nilum circumdedit umbrâ.
Talis Tartareorum Acies denſiſſima Fratrum
Ignem inter flammantem infrà circumque ſupràque
Suſpendit

PARADISE LOST.

They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouze and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod

Of

Αιψ' ανορυσαν οἱ, ἡγεμονᾳ δεισανλες ομοκλην,
Αχνυμενοι. Τελος ὥς ὁλαν ἀιμαλοενλος Αρηᾳ,
Ὁ'ις επιλετραπλαι εν αμολγῳ εγρηγορθαι,
Ωρνυνλ' εμμαπεως, ὑπνῳ αδδηκολες αινῳ,
Φωνῃ πληγενλες φρενας αργαλεοιο μεδονλᾳ.
Ριμφ' επιθονλο ἰανυπλερύγες βασιληᾳ αϋδῃ,
Καιπερ ἑαυλων πολμῳ δεδμημενοι δεινῳ,
Μυριοι. Ω'ς ὁλαν ἡ ραβδος Αμραμιδαο,
Αιγυπλοιο επ' αιγιαλοισι ποθ' ὑφοθ' αερθεις,
Ακριδων νεφελην ανεμοις ανεγειρε μελαιναν,
Ἤ κεν ὑπερ κεφαλης Φαραω, μαλα νυκλι εοικως,
Πασαν ζειδωρᾳ γαιην Νειλοιο καλυψεν.
Ω'ς αναριθμοι οἵ'γε μεν αγγελοι εκπολαονλο,
Παμμιαροι ὑφ' ἁδαο παναιθαλοενλᾳ ἰωγης,
Παντοθεν ὅς φλοξιν περιμαρναμενησι δεδηε.

Εγχεϊ

PARADISE LOST.

Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung,
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile.
So numberleſs were thoſe bad angels ſeen,
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires:

Suſpendit triſti ſub fornice lentius alas:
Dum tandem magni Cuſpis ſublata Tyranni
Quò flectant iter oſtendit: tum præpete pennâ
Æquato demiſſi unà libramine terrâ
Sidunt ſulphureâ, & latum funduntur in æquor,
Turba ingens; quantam haud olim glacialibus Arctos
Effudit lumbis, populorum maxima Mater,
Aut Rhenum ſuper aut Iſtrum, cum barbara Pubes
Diluvii in morem tepidos undaret in Auſtros,
Uſque ipſam ad Calpem & Lybiæ ſitientis arenas.
Jamque omni à turmâ celeres atque agmine ab omni
Ingentem ſtipare Duces ſimul undique Regem
Approperant: ſua quemque & Sceptra, & major Imago
Humanâ, æthereæque ornant veſtigia formæ.
Scilicet & ſoliis quondam cœleſtibus omnes

Sederunt;

PARADISE LOST.

'Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' up-lifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude! like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread

Beneath

Εγχεϊ εισοχε Cημα τιθεῖ βασιλευς ὑπερηνωρ
Ηεριοις : Cμαραγει δε Ιε Ταρταρος ηεροειδης,
Αιθερ@ ὥς παλαγῳ μεγας εκκαλαδυνλες ὁμιλ@
Παν πεδιον, κλυσμοιο δεμας, πιμπλᾶσι θεειϑ
Αιθομενοιο. Λεως Ιοιος Βορεηθεν απειρων
Ουπολ' αφορμηθεν περαων Ιςροιο ροαων,
Η Ρηνϑ, ὁΙαν ξ ὑιεῖς πολε βαρβαροφωνοι,
Πλημμυριδι μεγαλῃ μεν εοικοΙες, εςιχοωνΙο,
Σευομενοι, Γαδειρας ὑπαι φρηΙρῃφι ΝοΙονδε,
Και Λιβυης ξανθοισιν επι ψαμαθοισι χεονΙο.
Ενθα και ενθα θεονΙες απαι γε φαλαγγος ἑκασΙης
Θυνον Cπϑδαιοι CημανΙορες αμφι CΙραΙηγον,
Ὅς μεγας ἐσΙηκεν : πανΙες δε θεοισιν εϊκΙεν,
Κρειττονες ανθρωπων, πανΙες βασιληες Ολυμπϑ
ΣκηπΙϑχοι, πανΙες, δεμας ηελιοιο, φαεινοι,
Ευθρονοι, ὑιεσσιν μεΙα παμμακαρεσσι ΘΕΟΙΟ.

Ειπερ

PARADISE LOST.

Beneath Gibralter to the Lybian ſands.
Forthwith from ev'ry ſquadron, and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte, where ſtood
Their great commander; God-like ſhapes and forms,
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs, that erſt in Heaven ſat on thrones;

Tho'

Sederunt; verùm ob faſtum menteſque rebelles
Æternis vitæ periere eraſa tabellis
Nomina, nec ſupris ultrà memorantur in oris.
Necdum Evæ natos inter nova nomina terris
Quæſierant; donec latum erravere per orbem
Non prohibente Deo, Pietas humana Fideſque
Ut ſpectarentur meliùs: tum capta malignis
Inſidiis Hominum gentis pars maxima celſum
Deſerit Auctorem; ſanctique arcana Parentis
Gloria polluitur, vanis ſimulata figuris
Brutorum; luxu turpantur Sacra nefando,
Fœdaque Tartareæ fumant altaria turbæ.
Olli inter Gentes diverſo hinc nomine noti
Quiſque habuere ſuos variâ ſub imagine cultus.

Ergo age, Quis primus (terris jam nomina dudum
Clareſcunt) ſomno excuſſo, Quis, Muſa, ſupremus
Se demum erexit ſtrato flammante tyranni.

Ad

PARADISE LOST.

Tho' of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd,
By their rebellion, from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Thro' God's high ſufferance for the tryal of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted, to forſake

God

Ειπερ ἑαυλων ϰρανῳ ϰδεπολ' οσσα τελυκλο,
Εξ ἕ πρωλα διαϛησαν, ϰαι ἀπανλας αλειλας
Ζωη δακρυχεων πινακος μεν αφειλεϑ' ἐῆ⊙.
Ανηρες ϰδε μεν οϐριμοεργυς εξονομηναν,
Ει μη ΠΑΝΔΑΜΑΤΩΡ μιαρυς περι γαιαν εασεν
Πειραϑαι φρενας ενδον ενι πραπιδεσσιν ἑαϛ.
Και τολε καμνονλες ϰραλερως ψευδεσσιν ἑοῖσι
Εϑνεα αλλοπροσαλλ' απολειπεμεν εξαπαλησαν
Τον ΘΕΟΝ, αιεν εονλα, μεγαν πανλεσσι ΤΟΚΗΑ,
Καυγην ΠΑΜΒΑΣΙΛΗΟΣ ανεχλην ϑηρι εϊσκειν
Ἠ, χρυσον ασεϐης περιχευσαλο ευ κλυλολεχνης,
Και ὑπολαρλαριυς λιλανευεμεν ισα ϑεοισι.
Δη λολε τα πρωλ' εϑνεα ποικιλ' ονυμαλ' εϑῆκαν
Ποικιλοις ειδωλοισι. Μοι ειπ', αγε, Μυσα, λυραννυς,
Οἵ πρωϑ', ὅι λε ϰαι ὑϛαλα, μαχρα ϐοωνλος ανακλ⊙,
Εξ ὑπνυ λαχεως ϰρυερολο ορυσαν αριϛεῖς,

Ἑξῆς

PARADISE LOST.

God their Creator; and th' inviſible
Glory of Him, that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols thro' the heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rouz'd from the ſlumber on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth

Ad vocem, latus ut nudâ ſtiparet arenâ.
Proceſſere Duces, meritis ut Quiſque præibat,
Abſiſtente procul turbâ. Venere priores,
Qui deinde inferno migrârunt gurgite terras
Rimati prædæ ſtudio, & poſt tempore longo
Per gentes latè divinos poſcere honores
Non metuêre, DEIQUE ſuas adjungere ſedes
Sedibus, atque aris aras; interque Cherubas
Sublimem ſummo Sionis vertice JOVAM
Suſtinuere tonantem; & mox vel in æde verendâ
Ipſius æterniſque adytis ſibi templa locârunt,
Infandum! violare auſi puriſſima Sacra,
Et contra ætheream tenebras advolvere lucem.

Extulit

PARADISE LOST.

Came ſingly where he ſtood, on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous crowd ſtood yet aloof;
The chief were thoſe who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of GOD,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
JEHOVAH thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd

Within

Ἐξῆς ερχομενοι, ὁθι αἰρυλων@ εμεινε,
Αιγιαλον δ' αν' ερεμνον απ' ωκεανοιο ζεονλ@ :
Οφρα λεως επιμιξ, " ενι θυριδ' αελλᾳ θεειυ
" Οἵ βρονλων βομβῳ μεγαλως ανεκυμβαλιαζον
" Ουρανοθεν αϊδοσδε," λιασθεν νοσφ' απ' ανακλων.
Οἵ δ' ἦσαν ἰοισδεσσι μελα πανλεσσιν αριϛεῖς,
Οἵλε γεεννας ανελθονλες ανα γαιαν ερευνῶν
Ληϊδα, πλαγχθενλες, δημοβοροι : ΑΡΓΙΚΕΡΑΥΝΟΥ
Πλησιον ἑζομενοι βωμυς βωμῳ παρεθηκαν,
Δηθα θεοι λε περικλιονεσσι ζεβονλο λεωσι.
Και γαρ εἰολμησαν δεινον ζελας αϛεροπαων
Θεσπιδαες, και βρονλαων κλυπον εννοσιγαιων,
Και μεγαλην νεκρογερλυ ζαλπιγγ@ αϋλην,
Μιμνειν, ΠΑΝΔΑΜΑΤΩΡ εἰως κορυφησιν εθηκε
Ουρε@ ἕ θρονον αινον επι πλερυγεσσι Χερυβιμ,
" Συμπανλων ορεων νεοθεν μεγαλ' εκλρομεονλων.
Πολλακις ειν ἱερῳ ἱερον μεμιασμενον αυλων
Θηκαν, και ἁγιυς μιαροι εμολυνον ἑορλυς,
Λαμπετοωνλι μαχονλο λε δαιμονες ηεροενλες.

Πρωλα

PARADISE LOST.

Within his ſanctuary it ſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations! and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront this light.

Firſt

Extulit ante alios torva efferus ora Molochus
Fœdata humanâ ſanie lacrimiſque parentum,
Quanquam lugubres ſuperârint tympana queſtus
Infantum, quos per flammas horrenda recepit
Numinis Effigies. Illum Ammonita per agros
Irriguos Rabbæ Batanæaque regna colebat,
Argoviique plagis, extremi Arnonis ad undam.
Nec ſatis; at prolis mox prudentiſſima flectens
Pectora Davideæ, ſuaſit ſua condere fana
Templa DEI adverſùm, famoſo in vertice montis
Obſcœni, ſacram nemoris cui præbuit umbram
Hinnonis Vallis jucunda, hinc dicta Tophetus,
Hinc & opaca Geenna, Erebi nigrantis Imago.
Proximus inde Chemos, cui Gens Moabæa pudendos

Sacrabat

PARADISE LOST.

Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears;
Tho' for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud,
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſt thro' fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipp'd in Rabba, and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob, and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch

Audacious

Πρωΐα Μολοχ, χρυερ@ βασιλευς, πεπαλαγμεν@ αινως
Σπονδαις αἱμαΐοεσσι γε, δακρυσιν ηδε γονηων,
Οἵ, κλαγγην εἴως εχον αυλοι και Ιε Συριγγες,
Ου κλαυθμοιο δυναΐ' αϊειν ολοφυρομενωων
Παιδων, οἳ ἀπαλοι γε μιαιφονον εικον' ικανειν
Ριμφα διεπρησσον Θ' Ἡφαίϛ καιομενοιο.
Τϛΐῳ Αμμονιδης ενι ειαμενῃ λεχεποιῃ
Ραββης λαΐρευεσκεν εεν Βασαν', Αργωβω Ιε,
Αρνον@ εσχαΐοωνΐ@ αγαυὼν μεχρι ρεεθρων.
Παντων Ιον Σολομωνΐα πολυ φρενας εξοχον ανδρων
Νηον ὅγ' οικοδομειν νηϛ προπαροιθε ΘΕΟΙΟ
Τολμησας δ' απαλησ' αινϛ κορυφῃσιν ορη@,
Ηδ' αγκ@ Εννομ τεμεν@ λαχεν, ανθεμοεν Ιε
Αλσος, ὅ φῶσιν οἱζυροισι καλεῖΐο γεεννα
Ορφναιη. Χαμως, φοβος αισχῃ@ Μωαβΐαων,

Ὑστερος

PARADISE LOST.

Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud, to build
His temple right againſt the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleaſant valley of Hinnon, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, th' obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,

Sacrabat ritus, Aroarem interque Nebonem,
Quàque patent auſtrina Abari Deſerta, ſuperque
Heſbona aeriamque Oronaon, regna Sihonis,
Trans roſeas Sibmæ valles veſtitaque rura
Vitibus, uſque Elealem, Aſphaltique ipſius undas.
Dictus & Ille Peor, cum credula corda moveret
Iſacidum, ſævi fugientum littora Nili,
Ipſius ut colerent aras laſcivaque Sacra,
Flebilibus fœcunda malis. Hinc Orgia fœda
Protulit obſcœnum ad Montem ſaltuſque Homicidæ
Horrendos. Odio en nimium conjuncta Libido!
Sed templis utrumque ſimul ſancti ira Joſiæ
Eruit infandis & Tartara miſit ad ima.
His ſeſe addiderant Comites, Quot littora propter
Antiqui Euphratis, fluviumque Ægyptia rura

Scindentem

PARADISE LOST.

From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of Southmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Eleale, to th' Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.

Yet

Ὕστερος ἑρπύζει: ἑκπαγλα μιν αἶα δεδοικεν
Ἐξ Αροηρ μεν μεχρι Νεβων@, ἑ και Ιρομεεσκε
Γη Αβαριμ, ἥ εινι Νοἰῳ πολ' ερημ@ εκειλο,
Και Σηων γαιη Ἐσεβων Ιε και Ωρωναϊμ,
Σιβμαν ὑπερ διην, ευανθεον, αμπελοεσσην,
Και Ελεαλη Ασφαλἰϐ εἰι μεχρι ροαων.
Αλλον ἑοῖ μεν ονϐμα Πεωρ, ὁἰαν ἑξαπαἰησε
Ισραηλ μεγ' αναιδες ενι Σατἰειν Ζεβεεσθαι,
Νισσομενον δ' Αιγυπἰοθεν, αινον ὃ πημα τελυκἰο.
Αλλα και ενἰευθεν μοιχειας ἑῦιο πέἰασσε
Λϐφον επ' αισχισἰον, θ' ὑλῃ παρα δ' ανδροφονοιο
Μϐλοχ@, εισοκε Ιϐς Ιέἰαγων αϊδοσδε καθηκεν
Αμφοἰερϐς, βασιλευς αγαθ@, Ιωσια χολωθεις.
Συμπανἰες τϐἰοισι Ζυνηλθον, οἳ ναιεἰαεσκον
Γην ερἰβωλακα Ευφραἰῦς μεσσηγυ ροαων

Και

PARADISE LOST.

Yet thence his luſtful Orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; luſt hard by hate;
'Till good Joſiah drove them thence to hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts

Egypt

Scindentem à Syriis, Baal Aſtarote-ve vocati
Communi titulo; hic Divis datus, Ille Deabus:
Nam capere alterutrum geminoſve adjungere ſexus
Aeriis fas eſt Animis: tam ductilis illis
Temperies habiliſque vigor, non oſſea paſſis
Vincula, uti tardâ carnis qui mole laborant
Contexti inter ſe multis compagibus artus.
Quæque ſuas varians formas, ut cuique libido eſt
Contrahit, extendit; lucem induitur-ve tenebras,
Ardentique odio aut dulci exercetur Amore.
Hos propter ſæpe Iſacidum gens vana, ſupremi
Præſidii immemores ſanctis diſcedere ab aris
Auſi, monſtra Deûm omnigenûm coluere nefandis
Ritibus; hinc bello indecori turpique ſub hoſte
Degeneres cecidere. Huic ſe intulit ardua turbæ

Aſtarte,

PARADISE LOST.

Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim, and Aſhtaroth; thoſe male,
Theſe feminine: (For ſpirits, when they pleaſe,
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumb'rous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chooſe,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,

Can

Και πολαμοιο πορϑ, ὁρος ὅς γεγον' αμφολεραων
Αιγυπλϑ Συριας λε: οἱ ϑνομαζονλο λεωσι
Και Βααλιμ και Ασορεϑ, αρσενες οἵγε πελονλο,
Αἵγε δε ϑηλυλεραι. Ταδε πνευμαϑ', ὅις ἡνδανε βϑλη,
Φυσιν ϑ' ὁππολερην αἱρϑς', η αμφολερην γε,
Ὡς μαλακ@, και ἁπλοος ἡδε ὑποσασις αυλων,
Ου μελε', ϑδ' ελι ζαρξ, ϑδ' οσεα δεσμον ιηλε,
Αλλ' ὁππως ενι ζηϑεσιν αιολοϑυμος ανωγοι,
Η μεγαλ', η ὑπολιζονα, η αφαν', ηε φαεινα,
Ηερι λεπλα βαδιζονλ', εργα ρεζωσιν ἑαυλων,
Ὁππως ηε κακ', ηε φιλ' εκφρονεϑσ' ανα ϑυμον.
Τϑλων Ισραηλ ἑνεκ' αλλοπροσαλλος ελειπε
Τον ϑ' ΥΨΙΒΡΕΜΕΤΗΝ, εἶλαρ μονον ϑκ επιεικλον.
Νοσφιν απαι βωμϑ ἁγιϑ ϑηρεσσι ϑεοισι
Πολλακι λατρευεν, διολι καλαβαλλε χαμαζε
Πολλα ἀκαρην' εριδι μελα λ' ανδρασιν ϑλιδανοισι.

Ιλαδον

PARADISE LOST.

Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.)
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, ſunk before the ſpear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop

Came

Aſtarte, venerata Tyro, Dea credita cœli,
Oſtentans alto creſcentia vertice latè
Cornua; cui nitidæ per amica ſilentia lunæ
Mollia Sidoniæ cantârunt vota Puellæ.
Illam nec ſiluit laſcivo carmine Sion,
Monte ſed Opprobrii Princeps uxorius aras
Infames ſtatuit, magnam cui mentem animumque
Fœmineæ vicere Artes Rituſque profani.
Hanc deinde excepit Thammuſius, annua cujus
Vulnera per Libanum Syriæ movere puellas
Flebilibus ſpatium æſtivæ, quàm longa, diei
Indulgere modis, lentaſque ciere querelas;
Nativo effuſus ſaxo dum mollis Adonis
Iret in Oceanum, Thammuſî ſanguine dictus
Purpureos tingi latices: miſerabile carmen

Aure

PARADISE LOST.

Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of heav'n, with creſcent horns:
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs;
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her temple on the offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart, tho' large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,

Whoſe

Ιλαδον ενθα Cυνωχέλο Ιθίοις Αςορεθ, ἥν ρα
Φοινικες δ' Αςαρίην, Ιην βασιληϊδ' Ολυμπυ,
Εκκαλεεσκον, ἐῆς κερασιν ςιλβοντα φαεινοις,
Κυραι Σιδωνων ἥς εικονι νυκτος αμολγῳ
Ευχελαονλες αειδον, ὁΙ' υρανῳ λαμπε Cεληνη:
Αλλ' ἱλαον μολπαι εθεσαν φρενα Ιερπομενοιο
Σιονι, ὅ κρολαφοις ἱερον βασιλευς επεθηκεν,
Ὅ'ς ρα γυναιμανεης, πεπνυμενῳ ειπερ ἦν γε,
Ειδωλοις λαΐρευ', αλοχων θελκτηριοις ἐΐξας.
Μυρομενοισι γοων Θαμμυζ Cχεδον εἴπετο δαιμων,
Ὅ'υ ενισσιον ἅιμα παν ἦμαρ δ' εξαπαλησεν
Παρθενυς εν Λιβανῳ Συριας μαλα μολπα λιγηϊ
Θρηνεμεν ἱμεροεν: απο πέτρης λειος Αδωνις
Ἕιως δακρυοεν ἅλαδ' ερρεεν εγCενεῳ
Πορφυρεῳ, θ' ὥσπερ πεπαλαγμενῳ αἱματι Θαμμυζ,
Τρωσκομενοιο νεον, δ' ἑλεῳ περιτελλομενοιο.

Σιονιδας

PARADISE LOST.

Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a ſummer's day:
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale

Infected

Aure bibunt tenerâ Natæ Sionis, & ipſis
Contactas ſimilis pervadit flamma medullas.
Has adeò inſani languentes vulnere amoris
Veſtibulum ante ipſum, ſanctique in limine fani,
Aſpexit Vates, toto cum Numine plenus
Tranſlatos aliò cultus & crimina gentis
Cerneret ingratæ. Sequitur (Cultoribus ingens
Opprobrium) Effigies cui ſordida procidit Arcam
Ante triumphatam, cladem confeſſa pudendam
Ædе ſuâ, & capite & palmis populata reciſis;
Ore Hominem referens, poſtremo corpore Piſcem,
Portentum æquoreum, Dagon: Sed & Huic quoque ſtruxit
Azotus delubra, Hunc & venerata nefandis
Terra Palœſtinæ Sacris, Gathos, Aſcalos, Ecron,
Quæque Philiſtiadum primo flat littore Gaza.
Excipit Hunc Rimmon, cui ſedes læta Damaſcus,
Et fortunatæ, quas alluit Abbana, ripæ,
Quas Pharphar, vitreis lucentia flumina lymphis.

Ille

PARADISE LOST.

Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one,
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark

Maim'd

Σιονιδας ἱμερῳ λιγυρη μεν εθελξεν αοιδη,
Ὠν μοιχειας Ιεζεκιηλ ἱερῳ πο῀ εβλεψεν
Εν προδομῳ, ὁ῀αν ειδωλωλα῀ρευον οπωπεν
Εθν῀ Ιϐδαιων ασεϐες. Τῷ εἱπε῀ο δ' αλλ῀,
Κῆρο῀ι ὅς μεν αχευεν, ὁ῀' ανδρασ' ἁλϐσα κϐω῀ 460
Δυσμενεσ' εικον' ενι νηῳ απαμερσε πελωρην
Χειρων και κεφαλης: αυ῀ κα῀απιπ῀ε χαμαζε
Ὑπ῀ι῀, αισχυνων θεραπευ῀ας, οἱ ϐνομα Δαγων:
Εσχε πελωρ ἁλ῀, αυ῀ ανω ανθρωπ῀ ιδεσθαι,
Αλλα κα῀ω ιχθυς, θ' ἱερον πελεθ' ὧ̔ εν Αζωῖω. 465
Πολλα Παλαιϛινη λῖανευεν ἐ, και ῖε Γααθα,
Ασκαλον, ηδ' Ακαρον, και εσχαῖοωσα Γααζη.
Ἑιπεθ' ἑοι Ρεμμαν, ὅς εναιε Δαμασκον εραννην
Δηθα δ' επ' ηϊονηϊ ροαων αργυρεαων
Φαρφαρ῀ ηδ' Αϐανα ῖε περικλυ῀ϐ: αυῖος ὁ δαιμων, 470
Ὦ, εἴξας

PARADISE LOST.

Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath, and Aſcalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.

Ille nec æterni metuit ſe opponere templis
Numinis; Illum olim ſceleratæque fana reliquit
Dux ſcabie exeſus: Sed Rex, ſed inanis adorat
Victor Ahaz; demens, qui delubra Omnipotentis
Diruit, ut Syriorum aras induceret, & quos
Vicerat ipſe Deos. Glomerantes agmine magno
His ſubiere Cohors, antiquæ nomina famæ
Jactantes mentita, Orus, cumque Iſide Oſiris,
Carmine qui magico & vanis luſere figuris
Sacrificos gentemque Phari, palantia paſſim
Sub pecudum indignis quærentes Numina formis.
Nec verò Iſacidum proles intacta; alieno
Ipſa auro Vitulum finxit: graviora ſed auſus
Rex ille in Dani populis populiſque Betheli,
Haud veritus ſanctum prono aſſimilare juvenco
Auctorem, Phariis omnes qui nocte ſub unâ
Primitias uteri lethali ſtraverat ictu,
Commixtaſque Hominum Spes balantumque Deorum.

Se

PARADISE LOST.

He alſo againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his ſottiſh conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage, and diſplace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious off'rings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,

With

Ὼ, εἴξας θυμῳ, ΘΕΟΦΙΝ ἰολμησε μαχεσθαι.
Οἱ απολωλως λεπρος εῆν, και εμμορ' ανακλ@,
Αφρονος ηδ' αθεμιϛυ Αχαζ, ὅν δ' εξαπαλησε
Οἵγε ρεζειν ἱεροις ενι δακρυχευσι ΘΕΟΙΟ,
Και αιχμαλωΐοισι θεοις πολιευχελαασθαι.
Αγχιμολον πληθυς θ' ἁμα ἰϐΐοις εξεφανησαν,
Ισις, Οσιρις, Ορος, και ασπελα φυλα ἑαυΐων,
Αιγυπτον, θ' ἥ ἧς φρενας ωλεσο, και ἱερηας,
Οἵ τε πελωριοι οἷς θελκτηριοις ηπεροπευσαν
Ειδεσιν εν θηρων γε θευς πλαγχθενίας ερευνᾶν.
Ουδε ζιδηρειη Ισραηλ εκφυγε λοιμον
Θεσπεσιον, θ' ὅτε χερσ' ασεϐεσσιν ἑῶιο ὁ χαλκευς,
Τεκτοσυναων ευ ειδως, χρυσᾶν καμε μοσχον
Εν Χωρηϐ. Ὅγ' ὑπερφιαλ@ βασιλευς ενι Βαιθηλ
Και Δανᾳ διπτυχα μεν μαλ' αμαρτανεν, ὃς ΕΡΙΔΟΥΠΟΝ
Βοῖφιν ὁμοιωσ' εννυχι@ θ' ὅς, ἀπανΐας εραζε
Πρωτοτοκυς Νειλοιο και ἕ εἴδωλα καθηκεν.

Υμαθ'

PARADISE LOST.

With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wand'ring gods, diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that ſin in Bethel, and in Dan,
Lik'ning his MAKER to the grazed ox,
JEHOVAH, who in one night when He paſs'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating gods.

Belial

Se tulit extremum Belus, quo nequior Alter
Non cecidit; ſolo ſceleris maleſanus amore
Qui ſcelus expeteret: non Illi fana, nec aræ
Fumabant: Sed quis fanis, quis notior aris,
Elidum exemplo ſeu vis, ſeu dira libido
Templa Dei violet? Quin vana palatia Regum
Ipſe colit, luxuque urbes vitiiſque ſolutas,
Clamor ubi inſanus, rixæ, indomitique tumultus,
Per celſas reſonant arces: terriſque tenebras
Nox ſimul intulerit, cæci ſine more vagantur
Beliades, vino inflati luxuque protervo.
Noctem illam Gibeæ Sodomæaque mœnia teſtor,
Hoſpitii tutata fidem cum traderet ipſas
Janua Matronas, ſtrupra ut pejora caveret.

Viribus

PARADISE LOST.

Belial came laſt, than whom a ſpirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for it ſelf: to him no temple ſtood,
Or altar ſmoak'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns atheiſt; as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In courts and palaces he alſo reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe

Of

Ὑϛαθ' ὁ μεν Βελιηλ προμολ': εσκ' ολοωιαῖ αυίων,
Ουρανυ ὕς πρηνεῖς βρονίη καίαριψε καρηνων.
Πανίοιην φιλεεσκε κακυργιαν, εἱνεχ' ἑαυίης.
Επλεῖο δ' υθ' ἱερον μεγα, βωμ οἱ υἵε θυηεις,
Αλλα θαμης μαλερος θ' ὅγε βωμυς ναιεἱαεσκεν
Νηυς και ἱε ΘΕΟΥ, ὅίαν ἦν ἱερευς θεοαρν,
Ὡς ποἵ' Ελειαδαι, οἳ πιμπλῆσαν μαχλοσυναων,
Μοιχεῖς, δωμα ΘΕΟΥ ἁγνον: μεγαλοις εν ανακίων
Οικοις χρυσοβαλεσσι, και ασεσιν αφνειοισιν
Αρχει, ειν ὅισδεσσ' ὁμαδ πολυς υρανον ἶκει,
(Πυργυς αινοσ ἕλε ἱρομ) αλλ' ὅίε πανίες αγυιαι
Νυκίι μελαινῃ ειλυαῖαι, ἱοἵε πολλ' αγερωχοι
Παιδες αλῶνίαι τῦ Βελιηλ μεγαλ' οινοβαρηεῖς.
Μαρίυρ επαινη ἤγε Σοδομ, Γιβεη ἱε και, ἢ ρα
Ξεινοδοχ ὥσ' αιδοιην αεκηἱι γυναικα
Νυκί αμολγῳ δεινοἱερην μοιχειαν αλυξειν.

Οἱ

PARADISE LOST.

Of riot aſcends above their loftieſt tow'rs,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worſe rape.

Viribus Hi primique loco. Percurrere longum eſt
Cætera quæ latè clareſcunt Numina, magnoſque
Ioniæ numerare Deos, quos priſca colebat
Japeti ſoboles, Cœlo & Tellure minores
Faſſa palàm atque illâ jactans ab origine natos.
Primus ibi Titan vaſtâ cum prole; ſed Olli
Junior abripuit Saturnus regna, ſuoque
A Jove mox ipſe expulſus, quem Rhea rebellem
Progeniem peperit: ſic ſceptra invaſit & arces
Jupiter. Idæis Hæc Numina ſcilicet oris
Nota priùs tandem tenuere nivalia Olympi
Culmina, nec mediis cælum ſublimius auris.
Pars etiam juga Delphorum ſaltus-ve ſacratos

Dodones

PARADISE LOST.

Theſe were the prime in order, and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's iſſue, held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boaſted parents; Titan, heav'n's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,

His

Οἱ περι παντων κυδιστοι ανακτορανεοντο.
Εξονομακληδην αγορευσαι δαιμον' ἑκαστον
Τοσσον ανα στρατον αἴξαντι γε δυσχιον ειη,
Καιπερ αγακλειτυς Στυγερον γενος Ιαπετοιο,
Δαιμονας Ιωνων, λιτανευον, εἴσα θεοισι,
Ουρανυ ὁπλοτερυς και Γαιης ζειδωροιο,
Οἱ ἑλεκον πανταs: Τιτηνα' ευρυχοροιο Ολυμπυ
Πρωτοτοκον κε, γιγασσιν ἁμα παιδεσσιν ἑαυτυ,
Ὁν Κρονος εξεβαλ', αυταρ ὲ Ζευς ταχα τερπικεραυνος,
Αυτυ και Ρεας υἱος: ὅγ' αγκυλομητα παναρχει.
Ιδης εν κορυφησι πολυπτυχυ ηδ' ερατεινη
Δαιμονες εν Κρητη πρωθ' ἡγεμονευον ἁπαντων.
Ἦρχον οἵγ' ενευθεν κρατερως, μεγαλ' εκτυπεοντες.
Κρατος αφ' ὑψηλοιο κελαινεφεος Ολυμπυ
Ηερι δ' εν μεσσῃ, νιφετοισι μαλ' ειλυμενοιο,
Ουρανυ ὑψισυ: η οἱ επι Δελφιδι κνημῳ,

Ἦρχον,

PARADISE LOST.

His own and Rhea's ſon, like meaſure found.
So Jove uſurping reign'd; theſe firſt in Crete,
And Ida known, thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus, rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,

Or

Dodones coluere, aut Graiæ littora terræ.
Quoſque alios ſecum Divos trans Adria longè
Æquora decedens regnis Saturnus ademptis
Heſperios tulit in campos & Celtica rura.
Hi turmis glomerati omnes, Aliique coibant
Innumeri, mæſto dejecti lumina vultu:
Viſa ſubinde tamen levis inter nubila ſpargi
Lætitia, ut ſperare Ducem meliora videbant,
Nec ſeſe tantâ penitùs periiſſe ruinâ.
Nec minùs ingenti dubius color ora pererrat
Ductori; faſtum at ſolitum, mora nulla, reſumens,
Excelſaſque crepans voces Simulator Honeſti
Mendaci fluit eloquio, & languentia corda
Erigit, inſpiratque animos, abigitque timores.
Deinde jubet, ſimul altiſonans lituique tubæque
Bellicus infremuit Clangor, Regale levari
Vexillum: hos ſibi procerus poſcebat honores
Signifer Azazal: rutilæ circundata virgæ

Explicuit,

PARADISE LOST.

Or in Dodona, and thro' all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking, but with looks
Down-caſt and damp; yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to have found themſelves not loſt

In

Ἦρχον, η Δωδων', η Δωρων πασιν ὀρεσσιν :
Ηε Κρονῳ ἁμα Θ' οἵγε περαν πορϑμοιο φυγεσκον
Αδριας, ες πεδιον λωϊευεν Ἑεσπεριδαων,
Κελλης και περαοιϊες επηΐριμοι εισεφικανον
Νησυς ενϑα και ενϑα πολυπλαγχϑενϊες. ὁμιλ@.
Τυϊοι, και πολυ πλειονες ανϑρωοι εςιχοωνϊο,
Οἳ δε νυ λευγαλεως εβαλον μεν εραζε μεϊωπον
Κηδεϊ : αλλα γε ενδοϑι ἡδυ γελασσε φιλον κῆρ
Γηϑοσυνη, ὁϊ' ανακϊα μεν υχι δαμασσεν ανελπις,
Αυϊυς και ενι βενϑεσιν υκ απολεσσ' Αϊδωνευς.
Ταυϊα μαλ' ὣπα δ' εϑῆκε γε δερκομενοιο ϊυραννυ
Αιολον : αλλ' αυϊ@ βυγαϊος αιψ' επεεσσι,
Τῆς αρεϊης προφασιν, ϑαρσος πραπιδεσσιν ενῆκε.
Αιψα ϊοϊ' ηνωγεῖ, ὁϊε δ' αν Ϛαλπιγγ@ αϋδη
Ἠχοῖ αριζηλως, λαμπρον παρασημα μεγιϛον
Ὑψοσ' ανεσχεσϑαι : κυδ@ ηϊεσσαϊ' Αζαζηλ :

Μαχρος

PARADISE LOST.

In loſs it ſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;

Explicuit, latèque ardentem evolvere ſcenam
Imperii ſigna alta dedit : velut aere ſummo
Stella facem ducens longo micat ignea tractu,
Sic ſublatum altè ſpatioſâ veſte per auras
Vexillum immenſum patuit, radiante Seraphum
Picta trophæa ſinu & ſtellata Inſignia pandens.
Jamque tuba exultat flatu ; ſonat ære canoro
Martia Vox ; tum verò altum dant Agmina juncta
Clamorem, concuſſa Erebi quo concava & imæ
Ipſa Chaûs Noctiſque antiquæ exterrita regna.
Continuò decies ſpectantur Mille per umbras
Attolli bellorum Inſignia, multipliceſque
Undatim jactare faces ; unà horrida Silva
Haſtarum exſurgit, ſcutis diro ordine Scuta,
Et galeæ galeis conſertæ. It protinùs æquis
Agminibus condenſa Phalanx ; dum plurima buxo
Tibia multifori, & modulamine fiſtula lento
Molle ſonans, greſſuſque regit fingitque canendo.
Carmine

PARADISE LOST.

Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign ; which, full high advanc'd,
Shone, like a meteor, ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds :
At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout

Μακρος εῆνγε Χερϐιν : ὁ εκ ξυλϐ αιγληενΓ
Καρπαλιμως παρασημα πέλαννυεν, ευρυ, φαεινον,
Ὡς Ϝελας αιθομενον, γανοων ανεμοιο ιωῃ.
Χρυσῳ δαιομενον ἑκαθεν Ϝογε λαμπελαεσκεν.
Αλλ' οἳ εριγδϐποι λιγεως Ϝαλπιϝγες ΑρηΓ
Ιαχον, ευθειως ϜραΓ ϐλΓ θεσπεσιηνδε
Ἦκε βοην, ἥ κοιλον ἀδαο ερῆξε βερεθρον,
Και ελαραξε Χαος περαν ηδ' ελι Νυκϊα παλαιην.
Ηερι παμφανοῶν παρασημαΐ' αιψ' ερεϐεννῃ
Μυρια : δ' ειν ανεμοις κινϐνθ', ὥς κυμα θαλασσης.
Ωρνυνθ', ὥς ὑλη Ϝελεθει εν ορεσφιν απειρων,
Εγχεα, και ἑκαθεν κορυθες πολυ λαμπεϝοωνϝο,
Ασπιδες ηδ' αδινως ηγειρονΐ' ομφαλοεσσαι.
Ενθ' αρα κοσμηθενϊες εεσιχοωνϝο φαλαϝγες,
Μολπῃ Ϝερπομενοι αυλϐ περιμειλιχιοιο.

PARADISE LOST.

A ſhout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment thro' the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air,
With orient colours waving : with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears ; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ferried ſhields in thick array,
Of depth immeaſurable : anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and ſoft recorders ; ſuch as rais'd

Carmine non alio bellantes Dorica Muſa
Impulit Heroas, quos non furor egit inamis,
Sed vis firma Animi, ſed Virtus ardua, lethi
Indignata metum turpiſque ignara repulſæ.
Nec tamen haud poterant blandâ dulcedine Cantus
Triſtitiam ſedare, & ſternere leniter atros
Curarum fluctus, gelidos arcere timores,
Atque Homines Superoſque modis mollire canoris.
His intenta ſilent, & procedentia lentis
Paſſibus ardorem unanimem ſimul omnia ſpirant
Agmina; difficiles ambuſto in littore greſſus
Lenibant numeri. Tum vaſtâ fronte Cohortes
Explicitæ medio ſe, formidabile viſu!
Extendunt latè campo radiantibus armis,
Ceu bellis aſſuetæ Acies; clypeiſque minaces
Erectiſque haſtis magni mandata tyranni
Expectant. Media Ille ſagaci lumine velox
Agmina pervadit; florentes ære catervas

Directis

PARADISE LOST.

To height of nobleſt temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and inſtead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm, and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight, or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and ſwage,
With ſolemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh, and doubt, and fear, and ſorrow, and pain,

From

Τοιη μεν κραίερως ήρωας εγειρε παλαιως,
Τευχεσι λαμπομενως, δυναι εριδωπον Αρηα,
Δειδιοίας τ' ανδρων φυγεμεν βροίολοιγον αϋίην.
Λειριοενί' εδυναίο μελεῖ θυμοφθορα κηδῆ
Θελγειν, και μεν ενι φρεσι θνηίων, αθαναίων τε,
Δειμον, ί' ηδε φοβον, και πενθεα εξακεσασθαι,
Αλγεα, και Οδυνης χλωρον γενος ανδροφονοιο.
Ὡς αρα ίερπομενοι μενος ἐν πνειονίες ἑκασίος
Πανσυδιη ηπειρον ανα φλεγεθονία βιβασθον
Σιγη: και πανίες βασιληϊ νυν ασσον ιονίες,
Τευχεσι Cμερδαλεοι, Cίανθ' ὑφοσε λαμπεδαονίες,
Δεινον ίεινομενοι, μακρον μηςωρα δοκεῦνίες,
Ὡς πόίε δ' αρχαιοι ήρωες εεγχεσιμωροι.
Αυίος επιςαμενως πασας παπίηνε φαλαγγας,

Δινευσας

PARADISE LOST.

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil: and now
Advanc'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impoſe: he thro' the armed files

Directis rite ordinibus, celſiſſima Divûm
Corpora, ſpiranteſque videt cœleſtia vultus.
Ut numeros tandem recolit, Cor inde feroci
Diſtentum faſtu tumet, immenſiſque ſuperbit
Viribus. Humano neque enim confluxit ab ortu
Bellica Vis, Huic quæ poſſet collata videri
Pygmæas ſuperare manus gruibuſque popellum
Infeſtum; Phlegræ quanquam immaniſſima Proles
Addantur populis, qui bella ſub Ilio alto
Geſſere, aut Thebis, certantum utrinque Deorum
Ducta inimicitiis: non ſi jungantur Utheri
Progeniem comitata Cohors, quos fabula narrat
Antiqua, Armoricique Equites, Equiteſque Britanni.
Adde & Chriſticolas, lunatiſve agmina ſignis,
Quotquot in Albano, vel in Aſp'ro M̃onte feroces
Commiſere haſtas; quot miſit in arma Trapezus
Læta Virûm; quot Gens Mauruſia, quotque Damaſcus,

Quoſque

PARADISE LOST.

Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of gods;
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry

Warr'd

Δινευσας καΐ' απειρονα πληθυν : οἱ ευ καΐα κοσμον
Ομμαΐα και μεγεθος Ίε θεοισιν ἐοικοΐες ἑσαν :
Ὑσαΐ' αριθμησεν : και νυν ὑπεροπλῳ αναξας
Κυδιῶι. Ανερες ϰποΐ' ἰδον Ίοιονδε Ίοσονδε
Λαον : επιχθονιων ϛραΐοι ανδρων Ίοισιν εἴκΐεν
Ανδρασι Πυγμαιοις, μαχας οἵ δ' εμαχονΐο μογεῦνΐες
Κυκνοις, η γερανοισι : γιγανΐας αν ει μεν ενισποις
Φλεγρης, η εΐι Ίϰς, οἵ Ϛυμμαρναΐο θεοισι
Εν Τροιῃ, Θηβῃσι Ίε, ἅς αλαπαξεν Ερινυς :
Ουδ' εΐι Ίϰς ασπιϛας Οϋδεριδαο ανακΐῳ,
Αλβιων ὕς Ίεκε δῖα ποΐ' : ϰδε και οἵ δ' εμαχονΐο *

* Η Ίϰς

* Tum præ pudore *κακοφωνιας*, quæ metrum inſuper jugularet, tum etiam præ inſcitia recte reddendi, nomina quædam propria hoc in loco prætermiſimus. Levicula hæc omiſſio

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere Manes

Criticæ. Nonne enim Barbara hæc verba, Morocco, Aſpramont, &c. aures minitantur dilacerare? Sed hæ, pauculæque aliæ maculæ prorſus obrutæ ſunt ſplendore et magnificentia Anglici Archipoetæ, qui ſol exortus eſt tenebras reſolutum, quique majeſtate carminis Ranas et Culices Athenarum et Romæ longe longeque a ſe reliquit.

PARADISE LOST.

Warr'd on by cranes; tho' all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon,
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont, or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Morocco, or Trebiſond;

Or

Quoſque Utica immani victrix certamine Magnum
Effudit Carolum contra Procereſque frequentes.

Hos vicere adeo, & quæ vis mortalibus uſquam eſt,
Cœleſtes Animæ; at tacitâ formidine ſanctum
Induperatorem obſervant: Ille arduus omnes
Sublimi geſtu exſuperans ſtat mole ſuperbâ,
Celſa velut Turis: nondum deceſſerat omnis
Oris honos; formæ manet uſque prioris Imago
Nubila, & ingentes cœleſti in fronte ruinæ.
Ceu Sol Eoo nebuloſum luſtrat ab axe
Aera, præciſus radios; vel conditus idem
Poſt Lunæ faciem, trepidoque crepuſcula mundo

Dira

PARADISE LOST.

Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread commander: he, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood, like a tow'r: his form had yet not loſt

All

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Η ῖϐς εκ Λιϐυης αδινϐς προχεεσκε Βισερῖα,
Τϐς, Καρολ@ ὅῖε και Ζραῖ@ εν κονιῃσι πεσονῖο
Παρ Φονῖαρραϐιῃ. Ὠς πανῖες ῖοιγε ῖοσϐῖοι,
Κρειττονες ανθρωπων, βλοσυρον κοσμηῖορα μακρον,
Πειθομενοι, εδοκεῦν. Πανῖων ὅγε δ' εξοχος αλλων
Ειδος και ῖε φυην πυργῳ ἐςηκεν ἐοικως.
Ουκεθ' ἑοῖο Ζελας παμπαν δ' απολωλε παλαιον,
Ουδε χερειων αγγελϐ ϐλυμενοιο πεφηνε
Φερῖισῖϐ, περιασπεῖον ϔ Ζελας εσκιαασθη.
Ὠς ὅῖαν ηελιοιο φοως, νεον ορνυμενοιο,
Λαμπεῖαεσκεν αμαυρον αν' ηερα πϐλυν ερεμνην,
Η ε γε εξοπιθεν λυγρης ῖοδε πημα Ζελησης

Δαιον

PARADISE LOST.

All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd: as when the ſun new-ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams: or from behind the moon,

Dira ferens, hoſtes & bella futura tyrannis
Nuntiat: ante alios pariter ſpectabilis omnes,
Sed læſo fulgore minor, ſeſe extulit ingens
Dux Superûm: vultus horrendo fulminis igne
Sulcatos late perarârat multa Cicatrix;
Cura genis ſedit marcentibus: at juga frontis
Uſque ferox tenuit Virtus, faſtuque ſevero
Vindictam meditata Superbia. Tum face ſævâ
Lumina torva rotans volvit, ſed & ipſa ſubinde
Suffuſas ægri nebulas teſtata doloris,
Ut Socios ſcelerum, quidvis ſe hortante magiſtro
Aggreſſos, longâ multatos clade tuetur;
Ut recolit, cœli jubar immortale bibentes
Tot quondam Heroas penitùs cecidiſſe beatis
Ipſius ob noxam ſoliis: miſereſcitur ultrò

Conſtantes

PARADISE LOST.

In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs: darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' arch-angel. But his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſid'rate pride

Waiting

Δαιον επισμυγερως, " βρολολογγ η πυρειοιο
Ηε φονοιο Ιεραις," χλωρης ειαραξε Ιυραννης,
Μη ποΐ' Ερις, λαοσσοος, ηεροφοιΐις ορωροι.
Αγγελω ὡς ὑπολαμπομενω περιφαινεϑ' ἀπανΐων,
Καιπερ αμαυρωϑεις: βλοσυρον αΐαρ οἶο μελωπον
Σμερδαλεη βρονΐη δεινως ανορυξε Ιυχησας,
Ωκρης κερΐομεονΐα και ἰζ' επι γαμφηλῃσιν
Κηδε', ὑπαι νεφεος, Σΐυγω ηϋΐε πισσα, μελαινη,
Θαρσεω, αΐρυγειοιο Ιε Ιυφῦς: ομμαϑ' ἑαυΐη,
Ριγεδανως φλεγεϑονΐα μαλ', αινον ἴδ' εξελεηνΐα,
Ω'ς Ζυναμαρΐανονΐας ἑοῖο δεδορκεν ἐΐαιρης,
Πνευμαΐα μεν δεκαχΐλα, φαῦς απο ϑεσπεσιοιο
Πρηνεα δ' αργηΐι Ζμερδνως ριφϑενΐα κεραυνῳ
" Πονΐον ες οβριμοενΐα πολυφλοισβοιο ϑεειη:"

Π1501

PARADISE LOST.

Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliſs!) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of ſpirits, for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors flung

For

Conſtantes animos, poſtquam defloruit omnis
Gloria : ceu quondam nemorum quæ maxima frondet
Æſculus, aut montana Abies, vi fulminis icta
Membra levat ſpoliata comis ; ambuſta per arva
Effert ſe nudi Majeſtas ardua Trunci.
Rege locuturo cupidæ coeuntibus alis
Accurrunt duplicatæ Acies, clauduntque coronâ
Intentos Proceres : Ter fari orditur ; obortæ
Ter lacrimæ, quales cœleſtia lumina fundunt,
Prorumpunt, faſtu multùm obluctante feroci ;
Tandem inter gemitum Verbis via facta frequentem :
O fortes Animarum Acies, virtute potentes
Et numeris, quibus Omnipotens certaverit unus!
Nec ſine honore fuit certaminis exitus hujus,
Sit licet infelix : ſedes quod acerba viceſque

Infandæ

PARADISE LOST.

For his revolt ; yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd : as when heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth, tho' bare,
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpight of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth ; at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.

O myriads

Πιϛοι αλλ' εμαχονΓ', ειπερ ζελας εξαμαρανθη.
Ως ὁΓαν εκ νεφεων ζλεροπη δρυας ὑψιπεληλυς
Η πιΓυας δ' εν ορεσφιν επιφλεγει, αιθομεναων
Βλωθρα καρην' αζονΓαι επ' οινοπ' ερημον, αελλα
Οὑν καΓασμυξε θεειω αθεσφαΓῳ εκ νεφελαων.
Τῷ δ' αρα φθεγξομενοιο, οἱ αθροιζυσι φαλαγγας
Διπλοας, ἡμισυ και πανΓες δ' ειργυσιν ἑαυΓον
Συν βασιλευσ' : ανεῳ ΓοΓε δην ὅιγ' εμειναν αολλεῖς.
Τρις ὅγ' επειραΓο, Γρις θερμ' αεκηΓι χεονΓο
Δακρυα, ὁια μεν εκ βλεφαροιν οἱ αγγελοι ειβον.
Οψε δ' αναπρήσας προσεειπεν απειρονα λαον.

Μυριοι αθαναΓοι, δυναμεις, κλεος Ουλυμποιο,
ΠΑΝΚΡΑΤΟΡΟΣ μυνοιο χερειονες ειν ορυμαγδῳ :
Και γαρ μαρναμενοι λαχομεν μεγα κυδ ἑκασΓοι,
Ειδεπερ, ὡς Ερεβος μαρΓυρ, προΓελυκΓ' αλεγεινα.

Αλλα

PARADISE LOST.

O myriads of immortal ſpirits! O pow'rs
Matchleſs, but with th' ALMIGHTY! and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
Foreſeeing, or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?

Infandæ hæ narrant.---Sed quæ vis præſcia, rerum
Eventus ſervans varios, monuiſſe valebat
Tot celſas bellantûm Animas, tot fortia Divûm
Pectora victrici quondam ceſſura lacerto?
Poſt ipſas quis enim clades tanta Agmina, quorum
Exilio vaſti jam nuda & inania cœli
Templa vacant, quis adhuc dubitat vi tendere ad aſtra
Poſſe ſuâ patriaſque iterum conſcendere ſedes?
Vos cœli collecta Manus, Vos teſtor, an ullis
Conſiliis privatim habitis, cunctanſve timenſve,
Defuerim rebus veſtris. Verùm Ille, tyrannum
Seſe unum in cœlo jactans, huc uſque reſedit
Securus ſolio, famâ, vel temporis uſu,
Vel Superûm aſſenſu innixus; clariſſimus Aulæ
Effulſit Splendor, Vires latuere repoſtæ:
Hinc auſi nos bellum ingens, auſoque perimus;
Illius hinc demùm vires noſtræque pateſcunt:
Jam neque molimur bellum, nec ad arma vocati
Terga damus: quod vis nequiit, fraus gnara patrabit;

Hoſtis

PARADISE LOST.

For who can yet believe, tho' after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend,
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs all the hoſt of heav'n,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd

By

Αλλα ἰις η προϊδοι, η ξ̃ ενι βενθεσι θυμω
Πιϛευσει̇, ὁἰι οἱ ζἰραἰοι, εκβληθενἰες Ολυμπον
Θενἰες ερημον, θαρσεϊ πισσυνοι αυθις ἑαυἰων,
Παἰρην ϗκ ανιωσι παλαιην, ασἰεροεσσαν.
Μαρἰυρες ω̃σι φαειν' εμοι Ουλυμποιο φαλαγγες,
Ει βϗλαι ἑἰεραλκεες, πε γε νεικος ορωρ
Ελπιδ' εμϗ δεδμηκε. Παναγριος αμμι Τυραννο
Σωος εν οἱο θρονῳ καἰ' αρ ἑζεἰ' ενθεσσι παλαιοις,
Κυδιοων και αναξεν, αἰαρ δυναμιν ὅγ' εκευσε,
Και ὡς προἰροπαδην ες Ταρἰαρον περσενἰα
Ριψεν ἑλιξαμενο απο τ' Ουλυμποιο καρηνων.
Και νυν Εκεινϗ ισχυν εοιδαμεν, ἡμεἰερην γε,
Μηκεἰ' Εκεινον θ' ὡς αυἰοι πεδιονδε καλω̃μεν.
Κρυβδην νυν μιν αμεινον οδυσσαμενοισι Τυραννῳ
Αιεν αριϛευειν απαλῃσι χακορραφιῃς γε,

Τευχεα

PARADISE LOST.

By me, have loſt our hopes. But He, who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, 'till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent, or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full; but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd. Our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,

What

Hoſtis & iſte ſciet, quos vicerit impete, victos
Dimidiâ vix parte. Alios fòrs efferet Orbes
Circuitus Spatii immenſus, quos fama ferebat
Ipſum animo ſtatuiſſe effingere; Sedibus illis
Gentem habitaturam, magni quam Cura Parentis
Blanda fovens miro ſuperis æquaret amore.
Fòrs ibi tendemus ſpeculatum, aliòve locorum;
Non hîc certa domus; nec longum carcere opaco
Cœleſtes cogent Animas immania Clauſtra
Gurgitis inferni. Verùm hæc decernere ſeris
Præſtat conciliis. Pacem haud ſperare licebit;
Nam quis poſcat iners veniam genubus minor? Ergo
Bella palam, vel clam potiùs, ſed bella gerenda.
Dixerat; & vocem gladiorum multa micantûm
Millia

PARADISE LOST.

What force effected not: that He no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere-long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of heav'n.
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our

Τευχεα ἰι χραισμησε μιν ; ὥς ἑυροι ὁ χολωθεις,
Ὅσκε βιῃ κραλεει μεν δηϊος ἡμισυ μυνον
Δηϊον ἕ κραλεει. Καινωλεροι αιψα πελωνἰαι
Κοσμοι, ὥς ποἰ' εν υρανῳ οσσ' αϊδοια ἰελυκἰο,
Τευξεμεν ὕς ὅγ' εμελλε, και ενϑ' ενιϑησεμεν ελν@,
Αμφαγαπασομεν@, μοιρηγενες, ισα ϑεοισιν.
Ενϑαδ' ἀμα πρωἰσἰα μεν, ει δε κε μυνον ερευνᾶν,
Πανἰες ὑπεξορμησομεϑ', ενϑα μεν, η ἑἰερωϑι :
Και ἰε γαρ ἕἰοϊ ἰᾶ Ερεβᾶς Cπεος υποἰ' εερξει
Πνευμαἰ' Ολυμπυ, μηδε καλυψ' ερεβεννος αβυσσ@.
Αλλα ἰα βυλαι πανἰα μεν εκἰελεσυσι μεγισἰα.
Δυλος εσειἰαι ἰις; δ' ειρηνη ἰηλε πεφυκἰο.
Αμφαδον, η κρυβδην πολεμυ αλαλη@ ορωροι.
Ὣς φαἰο, και μεν απαι μηρων εξαιψα Χερυβιμ,

Οἳ

PARADISE LOST.

Our firſt eruption; thither, or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpirits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover.—But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature; peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? war then, war,
Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.
He ſpake; and to confirm his words out-flew

Millia ſancìbant, altis vibrata Cherubum
Magnanimûm validè dextris: Cava Tartara circum
Ardeſcunt immane; Deum contra Omnipotentem
Omnibus una furit rabies; clypeiſque feroces
Conſtrictis, reſonis quaſſant clangoribus arma,
Infandiſque minis cœli convexa laceſſunt.
Mons juxtà ſublimis erat; ſqualentia diras
Culmina ructabant flammas, fumoſque coactos;
Undique cruſta nitens obduxit cetera, ſignis
Haud dubiis prodens utero latitare metallum
Sulphure concretum: hàc ſeſe rapuere Catervæ
Præcipites, Foſſorum inſtar qui regia caſtra
Antevolant, ſiquando altis circumdare campum
Aggeribus vallis-ve parant. Hæc agmina Mammon

Duxit

PARADISE LOST.

Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
Againſt the Highest, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.
There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top

Belch'd

Ὅι οἱ επευφημῶν μεγα, μυριαι εκπολαονλο
Ρομφαιαι: Ιαδε βενθεα Ιηλε λελαμπεν ἀδαο
Ριμφ' ὑπ' αϊγλης. Οἱ μεγαλ' εμμεμαωλες εκοψαν
Τευχεα, και κοναβῳ πλαλυν εξελελιξαν Ολυμπον.
Ουκ απανευθεν ορος, ὅ ὑψοσε δεινα καρηνα
Καπνον και φλογας ἠχ' ἁμα, λοιπον ορηος ελαμπεν
Φρικλως, Ζημα δ' αληθες εῆν, ὁλι γαϛρι μελαλλα
Κρυβδην εκγεγαασι, φαεινα μεν εργα θεειϰ.
Ενθαδε ἱεμενων κραιπνως νεφος ὣρλο Χερϰβιμ.
Ὡ'ς ὁλαν ϰλαμ@, ειχονλες μελα χερσι μακελλας,
Φθαν μαλ' αερσιποδες, κρυερϰ βασιλη@ ενιπην
Δειδιολες, η Ιαφρον ενι πεδιοισιν ορυξειν,
Πυργϰς ηε δεμειν, Ζραλϰ ευρεος αλκαρ εσεσθαι.

Μαμμων

PARADISE LOST.

Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoak, the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur; thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigade haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with ſpade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on,

Mammon,

Duxit agens, Mammon demiſſior omnibus unus,
Qui cœlo exciderant; cœli namque ipſius oris
Dejectæque acies miſero ſenſuſque jacebant
Depreſſi: ſic uſque ſoli ſtellantis honori
Calcatiſque auri radiis attentus inhæſit;
Olli nec minimâ potuit dulcedine pectus
Tangere quæ Divos permulcet ſumma Voluptas,
Ipſius ora Dei ſanctoſque accedere vultus.
Ille Hominum generi matris quoque viſcera terræ
Rimari primus ſuaſit, manibuſque nefandis
Eruere occultas gazas, meliùſque latentes.
Jamque cavum ingenti diſciſſum vulnere montem
Turba frequens rupere & fulvi pondera multa
Effodere auri. Nequis miretur opaca
Tartara divitias producere: convenit iſti
Pernicies pretioſa Solo. Mortalia jactent
Gens Hominum; Regum Phariorum atque alta Babeli
Mœnia

PARADISE LOST.

Mammon, the leaſt erected ſpirit that fell
From heav'n; for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe, enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd

Μαμμων εν πανλεσσιν, ἃ καππεσον Ουλυμποιο,
Πνευμα ιαπεινοφαλον, κλυτοτεχνης, ἡγεμονευε.
Ομμαλα και γαρ εν ϑρανῳ οἷο ρεπονλα χαμαζε
Θηεῦνλο πλϑτοιο ζελας περιφαινομενοιο,
Ουδε μελας ρεφϑεν φρενες ἆϊαι χρυσοδοροιο:
Τῶδ' οϑεῖ', η τι ϑεοισι πανολβιον αϑαναλοισιν.
Τῶδε διδασκονίῳ, μεροπες πρωτιστα μεταλλῶν
Γαιην, ϑησαυρων ἑνεκ', οἳ ενι γαστερι μητρῳ
Ἑυδον αμεινον, χερσ' ἁρπαζομενοι ασεβεσσι.
Ουρεϊ ιραυμα μεγ' αιψηρως οἱ πληϑυς οϊξαν,
Χρυσον ηδ' ερητιμον ορυξαν. Μητις αγασϑω,
Ω'ς πλϑτοι, λαμπρον κακον, εγζεγαασι γεεννῃ.
Αξια τῶν μονος ἦγε γενεϑλη. Οἳ αγορευον
Ευχομενοι, τι ϑνητος επικρηηεν αναγκις,
Και Βαβηλ, Αιγυπτοιο τε τοσσα τα μεζμεζ' ανακτων,

Μανϑανωσιν

PARADISE LOST.

Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe,
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,

Mœnia commemorent: norint tamen, unius horæ
Momento facile infernas ſuperare Catervas
Summorum M̄onumenta Virûm, vi maximâ & arte,
Perpetuo ſudore inſtans quæ mille Fabrorum
Vix tandem immenſo longus labor erigit ævo.
Nec procul, in cellis variis hinc inde paratis
Per campum, liquidæ rivo quibus ubere flammæ
Succeſſere lacu undantes, Pars altera maſſam
Nativam fundit, diviſiſque ordine venis
Secernit nitidum ſpumâ fervente metallum.
Matricem intereà vaſtam ſub viſcera terræ
Aptarânt Alii Artificum, tumidiſque metallo
Effuſo è cellis, intùs ſpatium omne receſſuſque
Innumeros ductu ſimul implevere ſtupendo.
Sic ubi compoſitos diverſis Organa membris
Dat numeros, folle ex uno diffuſa per omnem
Aura ruit molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet.

Tum

PARADISE LOST.

Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength, and art, are eaſily out-done
By ſpirits reprobate; and in an hour,
What in an age they with inceſſant toil,
And hands innumerable, ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,

That

Μανθανωσιν, εἰωσι' ὁἳ' εργα μεγιςα Ιυραννων,
Παιδων ηε γ' αχυρμιας, αλλως ϰκ αλεγιζοις.
Πνευμαΐα, και μεμιασμενα, Ιοσσα Ια θαυμαΐ' ιδεσθαι,
Εξαιψ', ὅσσ' αυΐοι γε Ιελεσφορϐς εις αιωνας,
Μυριοις ειδεπερ ανδρασιν, ϰκ ανυσωσι μογεῦνΐες.
Αγχϐ ενι Ϛπεεσ', αμπεδιον ἄγε οἱ Ιελυκονΐο,
Παμπολλοις, ὑγρϐ πυρος ἄ φλεβας ειχεν ενερθε,
Αἳ φλεγεθονΐες εχεῦνθ' ἁλις εκ λιμνηθεν, ὁμιλϴ
Σΐερρεα θεσπεσιως Ιιμῆνΐ' αναΐηκε μεΐαλλα,
Παντα διακρινων, και επιϛαμενως Ιρυγας εἴλεν.
Τριΐαλϴ ὁ, τΐι Ιαχις' ενι χερσῳ Ιευξε βαθειαν
Μορφαν πανΐοιην, Ϛπεεων απο καιομενων
Γωνιας ηδε περιφραδεως ενιπλῆσε παναγρϐς.
Ὡς ὁΐαν ἡδυεπης, ἱερον θαλος ϰρανιωνων,
" Κηκιλι',

PARADISE LOST.

That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude
With wond'rous art founded the maſſy ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcum'd the bullion droſs.
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mold; and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an organ, from one blaſt of wind,
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.

Anon

Tum terrâ exſurgens immenſæ Fabrica molis
Ardua, ceu vapor, emerſit; dulciſſimus unà
Et citharæ ſonus & variarum carmina vocum.
Inſtar erat templi, quà ſtant genus omne Columnæ
Auro ſuppôſtæ: variis inſculpta figuris
Faſcia lata micat; Summum decora alta coronant,
Cœlatumque ardet celſis laquearibus Aurum.
Talia non Babylon quondam, non talia Memphis
Jactabat, totos quanquam oſtentarat honores
Utraque, ſeu ſolio reges inferre pararent,
Sive Deos templis, cum luxu opibuſque ſuperbis
Certaret Pharos Aſſyriæ. Celſiſſima Turris
Ingenti attollens ſe vertice mole ſuâ ſtat.
Panduntur valvæ æratæ; ſpatia ampla pateſcunt;

Splendet

PARADISE LOST.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe, like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies, and voices ſweet;
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave: nor did there want
Cornice, or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,

Nor

" Κηκιλι', εκ φυσων ζεφυρϐ ροον εξανιεῖσα,
" Ω"ρορ' εν ὑψιϛοις κλεα ΠΑΜΒΑΣΙΔΗΟΣ αειδειν,
Παν̃λοιων πολυς οὖρος αν' αυλϐς ἁρμονιαων
" Ρεῖ γλυκιων μελι῀, η μελπομενοιο αοιδϐ.
Γαιης αυλικα, θ' ὡς αἶμις, θ' ἱεροιο ὁμοιον,
Δωμα τελυγμενον αμϐροσιῃ εξωρυϝ' αοιδῇ,
Παν̃λοσε λαμπομενον, θ' ὡσει φαος ηελιοιο.
Τευξ' ὅγε πολλα καμων κλυϝοτεχνης ὑψερεφες δῶ,
Παν μαλα δαιδαλλων, ζελαϊ χρυσοιο φαεινον.
Ου Βαϐυλων, ϐδ' Αλκαιρων πολε παμφαν' αγαυως
Τοσσον, λαος ὁθ', ὡσεϊ πλημμυρις, ηγερεθονϝο
Σηραπιδ', η Βηλον ἕ καθισαμεν εν μεγαροισιν,
Η βασιληας, ὁϝ' Ασσυρι' Αιγυπ῀ϝε
Ηδϐς και πλϐϝοιο ενανϝιϐιην εριδαινον.
Χρυσειον μεγα δωμ' ανορϐσεν ἐοικος Ολυμπῳ,
Χαλκεαι ηδε θυραι μεγαλως ενϝοσθεν εδειξαν,
Δικλιδες ωϊγνυνϝο γαρ, ασπεϝον ϐδας αγηϝον,

" Ωκεανος

PARADISE LOST.

Nor great Alcairo, ſuch magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus, or Serapis, their gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately height: and ſtrait the doors,
Op'ning their brazen folds, diſcover wide

Splendet læve ſolum ; curvoque à fornicis arcu
Pendentes lychni & ſtellantûm plurimus ordo
Flammarum, quas Naphtha aluit, quas pingue Bitumen,
Ætheris in morem radiabant. Ociùs intrat
Turba frequens, luſtratque ſtupenti lumine : laudant
Pars opus, artificemque alii. Magnam Illius artem
Multa olim turrita ædes claraverat oris
Æthereis, Divis celebrata potentibus, altâ
Torquebant qui ſceptra manu, quibus omnipotens Rex
Ante alios fulgere ſuo quemque ordine ſanctis
Imperiis dedit, & rutilis dare jura catervis.
Illum etiam vetus haud neſcivit Græcia, honores
Nec renuit ſacros. Quin dictus Mulciber idem
Auſoniis : lapſum perhibebant æthere ſummo
Projectumque ſuper chryſtallina mœnia mundi
Irati Jovis ab dextrâ, de mane recenti

Ad

PARADISE LOST.

Within her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement ; from the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light,
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect : his hand was known
In heav'n by many a tow'red ſtructure high,

Where

" Ωκεανος θ' ὥς, κοιμῶνί δ' ανεμοιο θερινυ,"
Λειον: επιξαμενως ξιεγῦς εξ ὑπολαμπομενοιο,
Σιξι ἰελαχθενίες πολλοις, περιπαμφανοωσαι
Ασφαλίυ δαϊδες κρεμαασθεν και ἰε Ναφθης,
Αιγλη ξιιλβομεναι, δεμας υρανυ αξεροενί.
Πληθυς εσεσσυί' αολλης θαυμαζονίες αϊγλην
Εργυ, παμπολλεῖς μεν ἰεκίονα, ὅς ῥ' αριγνωί
Αθαναίοισι ἰειυκθ' ἑνεκ' οικοδομων εϋπυργων,
Α'ς πολε ξικηπίυχοι βασιληες εναιον αγαυοι,
Αγγελοι, ὅις εδιδυ ΥΠΑΤΟΣ λαμπρῃσι φαλαγξιν
Σημαινειν, πανίες μεγαλην επιειμενοι αυγην.
Δαιμονος υδ' ονομ' ηγνοιησαν αν' Ἑλλαδα γαιην
Ανδρες: επικλησιν καλεσαν πολε Μυλκιβερ αυίον
Τυρσηνοι. Εριυνιον οἱ μεν ενισπον αοιδοι
Αργυρεων περαν υρανυ εκβληθενία δ' επαλξιων
Καππεσεμεν, Διος αργηίι πληγενία κεραυνῳ,
Ζευς γαρ ἑλων ποδος ιφι μιν εῤῥιπίασκεν εραζε.

Εξ

PARADISE LOST.

Where ſceptred angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes; whom the ſupreme KING
Exalted to ſuch pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright:
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove

Sheer

Ad medium uſque diem rapido cecidiſſe rotatu,
Deque die medio rorantes noctis ad umbras
Æſtivi ſolis ſpatium; dum veſpere primo
Stella velut præceps ſummo de culmine cœli
Labitur, & Lemni Ægeum deſcendit in agrum.
Hæc memorant vani: aſt Ipſum dejecerat olim,
Ipſum cum ſociis Faſtus: nec profuit ædes
Fundâſſe in cœlo; nec machina fulciit ulla
Labentem; ſimul artifici cedente catervâ
Exul abit, turres Erebi poſiturus in umbris.
Aligeri interea Præcones, juſſa ſecuti
Principis, in mediis promulgavere catervis
Concilium Pandæmonio, quæ regia magni
Et Satanæ & Procerum. Huc meritis vel ſorte priores

Omnibus

PARADISE LOST.

Sheer o'er the cryſtal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Dropp'd from the Zenith, like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos, th' Ægean iſle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with his rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he ſcape

By

Εξ ἧ πρωΐ' Ηως πασαν κροκοπεπλ@ επ' ἅιαν *
Ωρνυΐ' αριζηλως εξ ἧς Θαλαμοιο φαεινϑ,
Μεχρι μεσημβριας, ἑρσαιϑ ἐλι μεχρι Ί' αμολγϑ,
Ω'ς αςηρ, πιπλεσχ' ἁμα δειελῳ οψε δυονΐι
Λημνον επ' Αιγαιην, " ἥ νησος αμιχθαλοεσσα
Παιπαλοεις πελεν." Ω'ς οἱ ἁμαρτοεπης ενισπον
Μαψ. Ὁ πληθυϊ ζυν μιαρῃ καλαπιπτε παλαιως:
Πυργοι ϑδε Θεῳ βλωθροι χραισμησαν Ολυμπϑ,
Βρονΐης ϑδ' αυλος φλογας εκφυγε Θεσπιδαη@
Τεκτοσυνῃ, ἁμα γαρ μεν πληθυϊ οἷο βοωνΐ@
Θεσπεσιως πρηνης καρτιπΐ' αϊδοσδε δομησειν.
Αυλικα κηρυκες, βασιλευς ὁΐ' ενευσε κελευσας,
Σαλπιγγων ιαχῃ μεγαλως, πτεροεντες, αϋσαν
Αιδοιως αγορην πανδημιον ὁ, τΐι ταχιστα
Εν Πανδαιμονιῳ, Σαταν ϑ και οἷο δ' ἑταιρων

Ακροπολ'

* Hoc in loco ſponte irrepſit verſioni hic verſiculus,
Κηρυξ χρυσειϑ ροδοδακτυλ@ ηελιοιο.
Utrum vel retineri vel abjici ſit potius, judicet lector.

PARADISE LOST.

By all his engines, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged heralds, by command
Of ſov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's ſound, throughout the hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn counſel forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd

Omnibus ex turmis, comitati millibus, omnes
Proceſſere Duces; latè loca, limina, portas
Complêrant. Aula imprimis ſpatioſa (frequentes
Eoûm referens campos, quà fortibus armis
Seſe oſtentantes ante ipſius ora tyranni
Certabant curſuque Equites haſtiſque coruſcis)
Aula ſolo pariter perque aera conglomeratis
Fervebat numeris: multus quaſſantibus alis
Sibilus increpitat reſonans. Ut vere recenti
Stridulæ Apes, cum jam Taurum Sol aureus implet,
Agminibus denſis numeroſam alvearia propter
Effundunt pubem; floreſque & roſcida prata
Læta cohors volitat circum, aut capit hoſpita levi
Planitie tabula errantes (pomœria turris
Stramineæ) redolens herbis fragrantibus: illæ
Diſcurrunt caſtris & regni munera curant.
Haud ſecus aeriæ ſimul accurrere Cohortes

Anguſtis

PARADISE LOST.

From ev'ry band and ſquared regiment,
By place or choice the worthieſt: they anon
With hundreds, and with thouſands, trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide; but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defi'd the beſt of panim chivalry

To

Ακροπολ' ὑψηλη. Θαλερως καλεεσκον αριϛεῖς
Παντα δ' ανα Cιραλον. Αθροοι ηγειρονλο Χερυβιμ.
Τελρηχει ὁμαδ@, πολυς ὑψοσε δυπ@ ορωρει
Εκ τε πυλων, προθυρων τε και, ηερος, εξ ελι γαιης.
Αυλη δη λιγεως πτερυγεσσ' ελριζε Cιζυσι:
('Η πεδιῳ μεν εϊκθ', ὁθι, ηωοι τυραννυ,
Ιππεῖς, δερκομενοιο, κυδοιμον Αρηος ενωρσαν,
Εγχεσι δαιομενοι, καυγῃ χρυσοιο φαεινοι)
Ω'ς προχεῦσι μελισσαων γεν@ εαριναων
Ιλαδον αμφι πολιν νεανισκυς, οἱ δε πολῶνται
Ενθα και ενθ' ἁλις ἑρσαιοις επι ανθεσιν ὥρης
Βολρυδον, μελιτωδε@ τε ξυλοιο λειβ
'Θροιζυσ' εν προδομῳ περι παλρης βυλας ὑφαινειν.
Ηερι' ὥς πληθυς Cειν@μενα ηγερεθονλο.

Εισοχε,

PARADISE LOST.

To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground, and in the air,
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſling wings. As bees
In ſpring time, when the ſun in Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flow'rs,
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
(The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel)
New rub'd with baum, expatiate, and confer
Their ſtate affairs. So thick the aery crowd

Swarm'd,

Anguſtis arctæ ſpatiis : Sed claſſica ſignum
Ut canerent, Qui terrigenas modò vincere vaſtâ
Mole viderentur, minimas (mirabile viſu !
Collecti ſubitò in formas brevioraque membra
Fluxere innumeri : quales in ſaltibus Indis
Ludentes Nani, Lemurum-ve leviſſima turba,
Quos paſtor ſilvas propter, vel fontis ad oram,
Aut videt aut vidiſſe putat ſaltare per umbras
Nocte ſuper mediâ, dum conſpicit arbitra Luna
Pallentem inflectens terris vicinior axem ;
Aſt olli argutas turbâ exercente choreas
Cor micat, exultat dulci formidine pectus.

Haud

PARADISE LOST.

Swarm'd, and were ſtreighten'd, till the ſignal giv'n,
Behold a wonder ! they, but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs earth's giant ſons,
Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount ; or fairy elves,
Whoſe midnight revels, by a foreſt ſide,

Or

Εισοχε, θαυμ' εσιδ', αιψ', οΐε Ζημα δεδηε φαεινον,
Αγγελοι, οΐ κορυφησι πελωριαις εσαν αγαυοι,
Τιτηνων πολυμαχρόϊεροι γηγειναμενωων,
Μυριοι ανθροιζυσιν ελασσονες ανθρωπισκων
Ἠκισων, εναλιγκιοι, οΐ περαν Ινδιν υρῦς
Ναιον, Πυγμαιοις, η μορμωσ', ἅς ζαδεδοικως
Λευσσε πολυσκαρθμυς ὑπο ἰαρφεῳ αμφιλυκοιο,
Η πηγη παρα δακρυχεουσῃ, ὥς εν ονειρῳ,
Ποιμην: ἰω Ζρεφιδινηθεν δε οἱ ομμαθ' ὁρῶνλι,
Ἐιως εκκαλιδων θρονυ αργυρεοιο Ζεληνη
Λαμφ' ἑκαθεν, και πλησιον * ἦγε μαλ' ὦχρος ικανεν:
Πληθυς αοιδων τε χοροιτυπιων τε μεμηλως
Θελξε νοον μολπῃ μελιηδεϊ τερπομενοιο:
Θρωσκει γηθοσυνῃ ἰε φοβῳ Ϝ' ενι βενθεσι Ζηθῦς

Ἦλορ.

* Quali cum venuſtate Homerus hac forma uſus eſt vide Iliada paſſim.

PARADISE LOST.

Or fountain, ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees; while over-head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe; they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund muſic charm his ear:
At once with joy, and fear, his heart rebounds.

Haud aliter formas tenui ſub imagine clauſæ
Contraxere Animæ immenſas; & libera tandem
Per ſpatia innumeræ circum atria vaſta vagantur.
At procul interiore domo tacitoque receſſu
Semidei ſe mole ſuâ explicuere, Cherubum
Millia, celſorumque Seraphum, in ſedibus aureis,
Concilium ſublime, frequens: ſiluere parumper;
Tum Cauſæ patuere altique Exorſa Senatûs.

PARADISE LOST.

Thus incorporeal ſpirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe; and were at large,
Though without number ſtill, amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions, like themſelves,

Ἤλορ. Ἀπειρεσί' ὥς ταδε πνευμαΐ' ασωμαϑ' ἑαυΐας
Καρπαλιμως μινυϑεν, ὁμογηρεα Ϝ' επλέϊο πανία,
Μυρια καιπερ εονΐ', ενερων μεσσηγυ μελαϑρων.
Αυΐαρ ἑαυΐωων μεγεϑεῖ γαιωνΐες ἑκασΐος
Δεινοι ἡγεμονες Σεραφειμ, αΐαλανΐαι ἑαυΐοις,
Και Ϊε Χερυβιμ, Ϊηλε μυχῳ μεγαροιο φαεινῳ,
Χιλιοι εν ϑρονοις ἡμιϑεοι χρυσοιο ϑαασσον
Αιδοιως, αδινοι. Κηρυξ κηρυγμα δ' ανεγνως
Παυσεν αϋΐης, και πυκινη μεγας ηρξαΐο βυλη.

PARADISE LOST.

The great ſeraphic Lords and Cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat,
A thouſand demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full; after ſhort ſilence then
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

FOUR

PASTORAL ESSAYS:

Written chiefly in the Year 1756.

Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu
Noſtra, nec erubuit ſylvas habitare, Thalia.
Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit; paſtorem, Tityre, pingues
Paſcere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.

VIR.

DUBLIN:

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M DCC LXX.

FOUR PASTORAL ESSAYS.

PASTORAL ESSAY I.

TO A FRIEND.

TOO long the Britiſh Muſe vouchſafes to fly
Her native clime, where heav'n-born Freedom ſmiles,
To ſing the peaſant on Heſperian plains.
Shall Thames, imperial flood, to Tyber yield
The rural honours? Thames! whoſe lucid maze,
Fan'd by ambroſial gales, majeſtic glides,
Like golden Hermus, thro' the laughing vales
Of Windſor's blooming paradiſe, retreat
Of bards, of heroes, kings, immortal names!

Thou

Thou ſelf-ennobled YOUTH, ev'n from the bright
Auſpicious æra of whoſe natal hour
Heav'ns radiant Graces, Honour, Goodneſs, Truth,
Treaſur'd the crowd of virtues in thy ſoul,
Which Wonder ſaw in Scipio and in Wolfe,
Wolfe, Nature's finiſh'd archetype of thee,
Turn not away thoſe bliſs-diffuſing eyes,
Which beam with honeſty's celeſtial fires.
Ah! turn not from the Muſe, that ſcorns, like thee,
The venal Pæan of th' apoſtate bard,
Tho' Inſpiration tunes his raptur'd lyre,
And Genius, like a ſtar-crown'd ſeraph, leans
From heav'n to hear the wonders of his lore.
The bard! who, by Circean Fortune chang'd,
Like an archangel from his glory fall'n,
Bends from his native dignity to herd
With ſlaves, that haunt the threſhold of the great.
Stamp'd by thy name then ſacred be the ſong
To Friendſhip; which, tho' bright her veſtal flame
Burns with Promethean ardour in my breaſt,
To immolate the blooming victim, Truth,
Ev'n at Love's life-endearing ſhrine diſdains.
By ſlaves alone, vile ſycophants of pow'r,

Who

Who blaſt with bold impiety of praiſe,
Let Truth, heav'ns guiltleſs Iphigenia, bleed.

Beneath a ſnowy-bloſſom'd hawthorn's ſhade,
Thenot and Strephon, 'midſt their peaceful flocks,
On moſſy couch reclin'd in bliſs ſerene,
While at their feet a cryſtal river glides,
Alternate thus reveal their ſimple loves,
The willows waving to the weſtern winds.

THENOT.

Yes, yes, the ſweets, which flow in ev'ry gale
From richneſs of theſe flow'r-vermilion'd meads,
And ſurface of this gold-beſpangled ſtream,
And yonder ſetting ſun in purple clouds,
Again delight; for Sylviet bids me live,
Whom, innocent as this my witleſs lamb,
And breathing all of fragrance on my ſoul,
I deem more lovely than the roſebud's bloom,
Warm'd into bluſhes on her beating breaſt.

STREPHON.

Say, Thenot, ſwept I not the rolling ball
From ev'ry youthful ſwain, while Lucy ſmil'd?

But when, alas, upon the level green
To grace the lively dance I led her forth,
And turn'd the baſhful ſhepherdeſs around
To ſnatch a kiſs, ſhe chid me with a frown.
Lobbin, coarſe lubbard, grinn'd malignant joy,
In mock'ry grinn'd; nor would theſe limbs obey
The deep, hoarſe diſcord of his jarring pipe.

THENOT.

Believe it, my lov'd Strephon, not the breath
Of dewy honeyſuckles, nor the ſweets
Of new-born primroſe, nor the ſpicy gales,
Which opening bloſſoms breathe, ſuch fragrance yield,
As melting ſoftneſs of my Sylviet's lip.

STREPHON.

Alas the luckleſs day! As forth I ſtray'd,
An hare, all white with years, my pathway croſs'd.

THENOT.

Some witch beſure in that ill-omen'd form.

STRE-

STREPHON.

At All-ſaints' eve, when elves their revels hold
By wildly-winding brook, thro' haunted tow'rs,
And moſſy forts, where all at large reclin'd
Beneath a wither'd fern his poliſh'd pipe
The love-lorn fairy tunes---In that dread night,
Ere goblins to the gloomy grave retire
To people the pale regions of the dead,
Smooth on the level hearth I ſtrew'd the heap
Of glowing embers---Mark me, youthful ſwain,
When morn aroſe, a footſtep tow'rd the door
Thrill'd me with horror, ſure portent of death!
And now I die by Lucy's cold diſdain.

THENOT.

Believing ſhepherd! was thy ſnow-white veſt
Turn'd by the ſtalking phantoms of the night?
Did not thy conſtant nuts together burn,
Pledge of thy joys in Lucy's love unchang'd?

STREPHON.

True; when the tawny propheteſs beheld
This callous palm, and trac'd the mazy lines,

She ſhook her penſive head; fear chill'd my blood:
She paus'd, and look'd; ſhe paus'd, and look'd again,
'Till her reward, by timely ſtealth convey'd,
Each furrow ſmooth'd upon her jaundic'd brows.
Then did ſhe ſmile, and whiſper in mine ear
My fickle Lucy would at length be kind.

THENOT.

To morrow, when the friſking heifers ſeek
The cryſtal-flowing ſtream, and Chanticleer,
Amidſt his feather'd wives, at hour of noon
At length gives grateful ſignal of repaſt,
My gentle Sylviet, bright as beams of morn,
And ſweet as breathing violets, beneath
The bluſhing roſe-roof'd bow'r receives my vows.
Already, where the curling ſmoak aſpires,
Around her hamlet throng harmonious bards,
Crown'd with freſh chaplets of immortal bays,
And ſummer's new-born flow'rs to tune the lyre;
With dance and ſong reſounds the ſmiling vale.
There ſhall thy Lucy grace our nuptial joys.
Haply with awful words the hallow'd fire
May give the lovely virgin to thine arms.

That gentle lamb, which heedleſs ſports along
The flow'ry margin of the glaſſy ſtream,
Shall thy relenting ſhepherdeſs reward.

STREPHON.

And yonder pregnant mother of the herd,
Whoſe teeming udder fills the copious pail,
Shall henceforth low before thine humble gate.

THENOT.

Hark, how amidſt yon green imbow'ring trees
The ſaffron-billed blackbird, lightly perch'd
High on a lonely ſpray, melodious charms
To deepeſt ſilence all the liſtning plains,
Which wave with yellow light; yet not his ſong
Of ſweeteſt wildneſs, nor diſſolving notes
Of love-ſick cuckoo, nor the breeze, that breathes
Thro' ſighing reeds along the lonely ſhore,
Nor melting murmurs of a warbling brook,
Held ſhepherd's ear with joy, as Sylviet's voice
Steals on the ſilence of the wondring winds,
When, like the tuneful nightingale, at ev'n
With ſnowy hand reclining on her crook,
Amidſt the gazing flocks, with bliſsful lay
The rapture-trembling echo ſhe inſpires.

STREPHON.

Our lambkins, hear, with tender, plaintive cries
Of innocence the milky teat require.
Haſte, Harefoot, haſte, and with thy barking warn,
Where'er thou find'ſt a wand'rer of the flock,
Thou, Thenot, range amidſt the virgin blooms
Of crimſon wildroſe, and the flowing ſweets
Of honey-drooping woodbine there along
Delicious verdure of the winding woods.
Here by the river's ſmooth, tranſparent maze,
Where fairies deftly trip, I gather all
My bleating ewes; beneath the ſhade we meet
Of yonder lofty oak, thence homeward tend,
And pipe our rural ſong. Hence, ſhepherd, hence,
For ſee, where fainter bluſh the weſtern ſkies,
Already the fair ſtar of dewy ev'n
Pours living luſtre from his beauteous lamp
To chear the ſilent-falling ſhades of night.
While from yon clouded eaſt the ſolemn moon,
Slow-riſing, ſtreams along the ſilver-trembling ſea.

End of the firſt PASTORAL ESSAY.

PASTORAL ESSAY II.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM,

EARL OF CHATHAM.

BENEATH a cavern'd rock, whoſe hideous brows
Frown indignation on the roaring tide,
Two ſhepherds, gentleſt of the ſylvan train,
Ere yet they tell their mutual cares, behold
The wonders of the ſoul-amazing main,
From a proud promontory's glorious head;
Whence Terror oft, 'midſt night of ſtorms enthron'd,
Darkning the deep, on wings of harneſs'd winds
Rides the reſounding waves; or form a cliff

Leans

Leans bellowing o'er the fire-convolving war
Of billows, breaking on the foamy ſhore.

Loud tho' majeſtic Nature pours from all
The vaſt-extended regions of the globe
Her fame-ennobled rivers to the deep,
Deigns not unbounded Ocean to receive
The tributary fountain's humble rill,
That peaceful glides along the lowly vale?
Shall CHATHAM too not ſcorn this dew-drop, ſhed
Amid the mighty torrents of renown,
Which from earth's wide reſounding nations roll
To ſwell his tide of glory? Shall the bold
PATRIOT, whoſe thunder ſhook ſurrounding worlds,
Deſcend to dignify the rural ſhade,
And deign his heav'n-effulging virtues veil?
Like ſome propitious cherub, who, from height
Of glory ſped, enſhrouds the ſolar blaze
Of his ſky-radiant robes in homely guiſe,
To chear congenial Innocence, eſcap'd
From cities to the ſhepherd's tranquil bow'r.
Struck with religious awe mine humble Roof,
Trembling, receives her great, her godlike-gueſt,
The tow'ring Atlas of a falling world;
At echoes of whoſe loud immortal fame,

Ev'n

Ev'n great Eliza, 'midſt her bright compeers,
Her ſtar-encircled forehead bends from heav'n
In wonder to behold her orient beams,
Loſt in meridian glories of his ſoul.
How mean an off'ring then this artleſs verſe,
Which ſings the youthful ſwains, hight Hobbinol
And Colinet, who in the green receſs
Of ivy-woven grotto thus unfold
Each ſimple purpoſe of th' ingenuous heart!
While Rainbow, guardian of the threſhold, ſits,
And upward looks with wonder to behold
On forehead of the ſteep an aged goat,
Bearded, like Time; yet gameſome as a kid
Stand upright, and with horned head oblique,
And eye laſcivious, gambol, as in yore,
When pleaſure wanton'd in his youthful veins.

Colinet.

Say, Hobbinol, why thus thy youthful cheek
Fades, like the drooping lilly's languid hue?
Have envious elves with pebbles ſmote thine herd?
Hath wily fox, unmov'd by piteous cries,

Torn a fair lambkin from his wailing dam?
Have thy kids fall'n from yonder bending rocks?
Or, haply, thou haſt ſeen a ſheeted ghoſt
Riſe from his dreary manſion of the tomb?

HOBBINOL.

Late in the brooding ſilence of the night,
Soon as mine humble cottage I approach'd,
And the bright taper glimmer'd on mine eyes,
All wan and breathleſs to the ground I fell.
The trembling matrons ſprinkled on my brows
Reviving waters of the limpid ſpring,
And ſpread beneath my feet the ruſhes green.
For oh! ſuch ſtrange, ſuch hideous forms appear'd
Unto theſe eyes, as thou in winter-ev'n
Haſt never heard beſide the jocund fire;
Tho' oft as ſhepherds vow they have beheld
The diſcontented goblin, dark as night,
Stalk, like a giant, o'er the foaming waves,
Which now tumultuous from this mountain's head
We ſee afar break o'er the whitening ſhelves.

COLI-

COLINET.

So may I live to hail the riſing year,
So gentle Marian crown my ſmiling joys,
So teem my flocks with young in happy hour,
As now thy tale with wonder fills mine ear.

HOBBINOL.

Hear, Colinet. By wayward fancy led,
Forth by yon river's flow'r-embroider'd brink
I wander'd to behold the boundleſs ſea:
What-time the moon, in all her glory ris'n,
Streaming thro' amber clouds with ſnowy light,
Gilds the ſmooth, azure deep, enrich'd, like heav'n,
With vivid luſtre of reflected ſtars.
From new-mown meadows what delicious gales
Whiſper the willows of the winding ſtream,
Bright on whoſe boſom dance the trembling rays!
While daſh'd in thunder down the rocks remote
Tumbles th' indignant torrent thro' the woods,
And deep along the hoarſe-reſounding vales
Swells with his roar the ſolemn-murm'ring winds.

COLINET.

Say, from that caſtle, which acroſs the ſtream
Blackens with broad-projected night of ſhade,
And leans, the hoary monument of Time,
'Midſt awful gloom of venerable trees,
Did goblin, on a fiery whirlwind borne,
Acroſs thee ſhoot, and blaſt thee in thy courſe?

HOBBINOL.

Thus all in grandeur of her glory ſhone
Heav'ns cloudleſs canopy, and from the moon,
How peerleſs 'midſt unnumber'd ſtars enthron'd!
Rivers of light thro' yonder broken cliffs
Wav'd o'er the dewy verdure of the vales.
In extaſy of wonder, to behold
The majeſty of Nature from the top
Of yonder lofty cape, whence wide I view'd
The heav'n-ſmooth ocean, on my crook I lean'd.
How blue the ſtar-beſpangled arch of heav'n!
How awful the majeſtic mountains wild
With rocks and woods in ſolemn ſilence lean
O'er wide-illumin'd boſom of the deeps,
And, far as eye beholds, all ſilver'd o'er

With ſidelong-ſtreaming glories of the moon,
Swell into boundleſs proſpect, as they ſweep
In bold magnificence along the ſhore.
But as if bearded witch had rode thro' air
Upon her wand, to winged palfrey chang'd,
Which bears her hated carcaſe on the winds,
Nipt was my vernal bloom of guiltleſs joy.
For ſudden darkneſs overcaſt the ſkies;
Loud from the foreſt-waving mountains howl'd,
Sullen and hoarſe, the deep-deforming winds.
The fatal raven, from his ſlumbers ſcar'd,
Croaking, outſpread his ſounding pinions broad,
As when he follows thro' the blaſted air
The ſtrides of ghaſtly Death unto the couch,
Where pining Sickneſs, pale with languor, lies.
The night-owls ſcreech'd, and all in flames appear'd
The haunted tow'r, whoſe ivy-crowned brows
In ſorrow o'er the heap of ruins bend.
Soon did mine heart forebode ſome age-worn witch,
Or angry fairies, or ſhrill-ſhrieking ghoſt,
Or evil ſpirit wander'd now abroad,
And, with frowns darkning the fair face of things,
Had rouz'd the gloomy winds, as at th' approach
Of him, who ſweeps away in ſtorms of fire,
From graſp of ſtruggling Death, the guilt-torn Soul,

Which, hal'd along by black and ugly fiends,
Screams loud with horror thro' the howling air.

COLINET.

Thy words with terror rive my beating heart.

HOBBINOL.

Suppliant upon the ground in pray'r I fell;
When in my pathway burn'd a glimm'ring fire.
Swift as the winds I flew; the wand'ring torch
Preceding, thro' the quagmires drear I dragg'd
My labouring limbs; 'till, oh! mine evil ſtar
Led me, in hapleſs hour, along the tombs
Of yonder abbey, whoſe majeſtic oaks,
Like melancholy mourners of the dead,
Weep o'er the mould'ring pile; as Time himſelf
(Such truths our heav'n-taught paſtor hath reveal'd)
Adown his venerable-flowing beard
Sheds the laſt drops o'er Nature's fun'ral pomp,
When mountains fall, and ocean is no more.

COLINET.

Preſerve us, gracious Heav'n! henceforth beyond
The threſhold of his cottage ſtrays no more
Thy Colinet in darkneſs of the night.

HOB-

HOBBINOL.

Methought, as with my ſounding footſteps ſhook
The rotten church-yard, from each yawning grave
Pale, deadly pale, the trooping ſpectres roſe,
And pierc'd mine ear with ſhrieks; beſure amaze
And horror in my rolling eye-balls glar'd.
With cries of murder groan'd the ſobbing air,
With clank of chains, and yell of tortur'd ghoſts,
Suff'ring the vengeance of eternal fire *.
Broke from the rolling ground a ſudden flame,
And, like the hideous ſtar with blazing tail,
Trail'd blueiſh light along. The difmal howl
Of dogs, as when they bay the paly moon,
Mine ear receiv'd, like death's laſt mournful knell,
That opes the ſhepherd's grave. Nay, village-cocks,
Whoſe ſhrill alarms at midnight, to the jaws
Of his cold manſion in ſome lonely tomb,
Scare the poor wand'ring ſpirit, warn'd my ſoul
With ſome approaching ill, while icy fear
Seiz'd deep the freezing current of my blood.

* See the Epiſtle of St. Jude.

COLI-

COLINET.

And liv'ſt thou to behold this noontide ſun?

HOBBINOL.

While, like the weeping marble, which deplores
The dead, in everlaſting darkneſs ſtretch'd,
Beneath a nodding arch I ſtood aghaſt,
Harrow'd by fears, which thrill'd thro' every vein,
A roaring whirlwind the rough turrets rock'd,
And larger drops ſtream'd cold along my limbs;
When ſlowly ſtalking, like pale-viſag'd Death,
Solemn and ſad along the dreary iſles
Mov'd a tall ghoſt in majeſty of woe.
He ſtopp'd, he turn'd, and to his ſhiv'ring train,
Ariſing into dignity ſublime,
Wav'd awful ſignal to abide aloof.

COLINET.

Some angel ſhield us with his ſtarry wings!

HOBBINOL.

Mantled with wooff of night he did approach.
Sunk were his languid eyes, each hollow cheek,

Like

Like waſted Famine, wan; his chatt'ring teeth,
Beyond each trembling lip projected, ſtood,
Or looſe, or broken in his ſapleſs gums.
A wand he bore, and, ſick'ning on his brows,
Sat dark Deſpair. The beating of mine heart
With earthquake ſhook my frame; alive mine hairs
Briſtling aroſe, and, thunderſtruck with awe,
Pale, trembling, ghaſtly, like a ghoſt I ſtood.
But ſoon as he approach'd me, like a tow'r
Sudden his ſtature roſe, and at the ſight,
Blaſted by terror, to the ground I fell.

COLINET.

Hence—Let us pen beneath this vaulted rock
Our bearded goats; for ſee the billows foam
Before the black'ning horrors of the ſtorm.
Haſte, haſte, ere thunder ſhake the guilty world,
For the blue lightnings, look! with angry glare
Blaze thro' the fleeced darkneſs of the clouds.

End of the ſecond PASTORAL ESSAY.

PASTORAL ESSAY III.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord CAMDEN.

ALONE to heav'n-born Merit, or retir'd
To ſylvan ſhades, or beaming from a throne,
For ever ſacred be the Muſe's ſong.
Shall then Britannia's Ariſtides ſpurn
This wreath, which, tho' 'midſt wilds of Nature cull'd,
Aſtrea for her virtuous CAMDEN weaves?
Her uncorrupted CAMDEN! from the full
Unclouded glories of whoſe patriot ſoul,
Hither to this obſcure retreat of ſlaves,
Dart ſolar beams, and kindle in my breaſt

Immor-

Immortal Liberty's congenial fires.
Hence, hence the vile contagion of the herd!
Hence, ye prophane!—Thy country's guardian, hail!
Angel of freedom, at thy potent touch
Fall not the chains of bondage from mine hands?
By thee thro' gloomy depths of durance led,
Burſt I not into day to quaff at large
Immortal bliſs in each ſalubrious gale
Of liberty; whoſe vivifying ſweets,
Lib'ral of joy, ev'n o'er theſe wint'ry vales,
Whoſe want-worn peaſants wound mine aching ſenſe,
Such roſeate beauty breathe, as genial heav'n
Wide o'er the land of liberty awakes,
Britannia, with Heſperian verdure crown'd?
Yes, nor on faction's angry torrent borne,
Nor by accurs'd idolatry prophan'd
Of Fortune, Baal of a venal world,
With purpoſe uncontaminate the Muſe
Mingles amid a nation's peal of praiſe
This ſimple tribute of her rural ſong.

COLINET.

How bright the golden glories of the ſun
Stream from the broad-impurpled clouds of ev'n
O'er ſurface of the ſmooth, tranſparent main,
Which waves with light, like heav'n's unbounded field,
When ſummer burſts from all the blazing ſkies!
How pleaſing, in th' unwrinkled cryſtal flood,
From this majeſtic mountain, to behold
Yon headlong precipice, theſe wond'ring woods,
And flocks of ſnowy fleece, and climbing goats,
And ſwelling harveſts ripening into gold,
Mingle, inverted, in the downward ſky!
What gale of ſweets theſe cluſt'ring woodbines breathe,
Which, knit in nuptial union with the roſe,
'Midſt lofty ſycamore's broad verdure weave
Our blooming bow'r, and laviſh all around
Their incenſe on the bliſs-inſpiring breeze!
The ſturdy oaks, whoſe venerable ſhades
Frown o'er the flood from yonder lofty cliffs,
When dews impearl the crimſon-mantled Morn,
Backwards their lengthning ſhadows caſt afar,
And brighten into gladneſs. See, enrich'd

By yellow-waving luſtre of the ſun,
The mountains laugh with joy, tho' yeſter-noon
They ſhook with horror, when the roaring winds
Daſh'd the reſounding ſhore with war of waves;
While hoarſe thro' heav'n the tumbling thunder roll'd,
And lightnings kindled all the gloomy deep.
Why then thy youthful viſage ſickli'd o'er,
Like meagre Melancholy in a ſhroud,
When all around reviving Nature ſmiles?

HOBBINOL.

O Colinet, no more the ſhepherd's pipe,
No more the lark, ſweet herald of the morn,
That wakes the warbling woodlands into praiſe;
No more the mingled melody of hounds,
Whoſe deep-mouth'd muſic, trembling on their tongues,
Swells in a glorious peal along the winds,
Shall chaſe life's ſullen vapours from my mind.
No more the murmur of the toiling waves,
Nor whiſp'ring willows, which along the ſhore,
When woo'd by ſighing of the love-ſick breeze,
Tremble with virgin fears; nor diſtant ſound
Of waters, daſhing down a roaring rock;
Nor bubbling of a brook; nor hoarſer bees,

Which ſweep along the blooming wild of flow'rs,
Shall lull my golden ſlumbers, as they wont,
When ſtretch'd at eaſe I preſs'd the moſs-ſwoln couch,
Amid the waſte of fragrance, or beneath
The dark-green ſhade of broad-embow'ring limes,
Or by clear fountain's flow'r-embroider'd ſide.
Again the dreadful Apparition walk'd,
And deep with terror ſhook my ſhrieking ſoul.

COLINET.

Again? Some harden'd miſer's ghoſt beſure,
That ſtalks his nightly rounds 'midſt hoary heap
Of ruins to behold his buri'd hoard,
And ſcares the ſullen raven from his reſt.
Or his, the cruel guardian, whoſe fell heart,
By cries of weeping Innocence unmov'd,
Gaping with drought of avarice, expos'd
A prey to famine in the howling woods,
A dying brother's pledge, his tender babes:
Smit with whoſe angel-beauties, in the ſleep
Of peaceful death, the pious Redbreaſts ſtrew'd
With flow'rs and verdant leaves each lamb-like corſe,
As in the cold embrace with ſnowy arms

Breath-

Breathleſs the little younglings lay entwin'd.
Or haply wanders thus the guilty ghoſt
Of ſome adulterer, who wont in life
Stray from lewd city's poiſon-ſteaming haunts
To prowl thro' trembling villages for prey,
And, like a demon, fierce from darkneſs broke,
Blaſted the lowly cottage, where in peace
Connubial Bliſs with Innocence from heav'n
Once held ſweet dalliance in the ſhepherd's breaſt:
For when dread crimes in this our breathing hour,
As ſabbath-truths unfold, ſtrike broad and deep
Th' infection thro' the dark diſcolour'd ſoul,
For ever with the ſame unhallow'd fires
Th' immortal ſpirit burns. Hence church-yards yawn,
And empty into night their peopled graves
With life's affections, rooted ev'n in death.
Accoſted thee the Spectre? Or in peace,
Or anger ſeem'd he? Hath he aught reveal'd?
Where, when, mine Hobbinol, did he appear?

HOBBINOL

When not a chirping cricket from the hearth
Woke the ſtill hour of ſleep; what-time the moon,

As at the world's great period, her fair lamp
Shrouded in midnight horrors; while around
All under heav'n, in ſtarleſs terror loſt,
Buri'd beneath the waſte of darkneſs, lay,
And deeper, death-like, awful ſilence huſh'd
Ev'n winds and waves to reſt---In that dread hour,
Shook by the quaking of my groaning couch,
I ſtarted, trembled, glar'd, aſtoniſh'd ſaw,
By paly glimmer of the mould'ring fire,
The ghoſt all gloomy ſtalk before mine eyes.
Frozn at the ſight, a clay-cold corſe I ſat,
Stiff'ning with horror. Black the Phantom ſtood,
Dreadful as Death, and ſilent as the grave;
Then from the deep-ſurrounding darkneſs thruſt
An arm's dread ſemblance; awful was the ſcene,
As when th' archangel forth from clouds of heav'n
Shall hold th' all-waking trumpet to alarm
The dead, as if by peal of thunder rouz'd.
He beckon'd me to parley; on my couch
I ſunk, and in a ſudden ſtorm aloud
He vaniſh'd thro' the ſhrieking ſhades of night.

COLINET.

Ceaſe, ſhepherd, to rehearſe, 'till morrow's dawn,
Thy tale of wonder: for our fellow-ſwains
On level of the pearl-pav'd beach prepare,
Now at the cuſtom'd hour, to wind their way
In life-refreſhing luxury along
The heav'n-ſmooth mirrour of the yielding flood.
Let us aſſociate with the jocund train,
And, bath'd in bliſs, the ſummer's ſultry heats
Temper in cooly cryſtal of the ſea.

End of the third PASTORAL ESSAY.

PASTORAL ESSAY IV.

To their GRACES the

Duke and Dutcheſs of NORTHUMBERLAND.

SMIT with the grandeur of the gorgeous ſun,
The ſhepherd-train, as forth they drive to feed
Their nibbling flocks amid freſh dews and flow'rs,
Rooted in wonder on their crooks recline,
From ſummit of the mountains to behold
The ſummer-flaming orb majeſtic riſe,
Broad from beyond the ſea's heav'n-bounded ſurge,
And burn along the gold-vermilion'd main,
In Nature's whole magnificence diſplay'd,
Glorious and vaſt as all-ſurrounding heav'n.
Nor azure vapours reſt o'er fountain's brim,

Nor

Nor ample-winding river, nor on tops
Of higheſt mountains, tho' they rear to heav'n
Their waving woods; but, ſailing ſlow along
The ſea of air, diſſolve, and open all
Nature's unbounded theatre to view.
Woke by the winds, that fan the breezy morn,
The broad, ſmooth-ſwelling ſurges glow with gold
Throughout the whole horizon, and reflect
A waving brightneſs of unnumber'd ſuns.
Then, while the mountain-tops, and verdant vales
Whiten with fleeces of the ſpreading flocks,
That daſh the pearly dews; and ev'ry ſwain,
By nature's ſecret harmony inſpir'd,
Or moves in uncouth meaſures with the fair,
Freſh on whoſe cheek health's ruddy beauties bloom,
Or mingles ſongs with warbling of the woods,
Which ſwell the raptur'd ſymphony of praiſe,
Or wakes ſweet Echo with his rural pipe:
Retire the youthful ſhepherds, Hobbinol
And Colinet to wear the ſocial hour
Beneath a lofty, broad-imbow'ring oak,
Deep from whoſe twiſted roots perennial ſprings
A copious fountain, and in many a maze
Hoarſe-murm'ring down the mountain's mighty ſide

Trembles pellucid to the morning ray
Thro' ever-living verdure of the lawn.
If, unbewilder'd by the meaner glare
Of Fortune's earth-born meteor, which miſleads
Flatt'ry's baſe herd, an honeſt Muſe with bold
Ambition of the tow'ring eagle ſoars
To wheel at large amid the blazing noon
Of cloudleſs virtues, which unbounded flame
From PERCY's and his CONSORT's ſouls ſublime,
Will they the ſhepherd's rural tribute deign
Ennoble with acceptance? Will they bend,
Like Condeſcenſion leaning from a throne,
To numbers, humble as e'er Echo heard
Inſpire the paſt'ral reed? Yet Merit pleads
This bold emprize to ſpurn the Gothic yoke
Of Rhyme, rude demon; which, when papal night
Eclips'd the ſun-bright radiance of the ſoul,
Ruthleſs untun'd each weeping Muſe's lyre,
And ſunk ev'n godlike Britons into ſlaves;
Tho' Nature ſu'd, and Harmony in chains
The ſnowy beauties of her boſom ſtain'd
With copious ſhow'r of pearly-trickling tears.
Yes, Liberty, great Nature's charter thou,
Gild this late ev'n of time, as erſt thy ſmile

Be-

Benignant beam'd o'er Greek and Roman climes
Thine orient ſplendours, ere the glorious ſun
Of ſcience his refulgent forehead plung'd
Deep into chaos of Barbaric glooms,
Which, like autumnal exhalations, roſe
From cloiſters, where Lethean Dulneſs ſlept
Thro' ages, ſcarce into a yawn awak'd;
'Till truth-enlighten'd Britain, from the cloud
Emerging, heav'n's triumphant beacon flam'd
Thro' polar darkneſs of ſurrounding worlds,
And from her ſhores, fair Freedom's ſacred pale,
Scar'd Superſtition with her motly crew
Vaniſh'd, like ſpectres from the rays of morn.
But hark, the Rural Genius to his bow'r
Recalls the devious footſteps of the Muſe,
Who thus, howe'er by bold ambition fir'd
To graſp the loud, war-kindling clarion, deigns
To tune awhile the ſhepherd's humble reed.

COLINET.

Why in th' all-pow'rful name of holy heav'n,
When firſt to thee appear'd the grizzly ghoſt,
Did'ſt thou not queſtion him, mine Hobbinol?

Aught did he in the dreary abbey ſpeak?
Or wert thou in his anger dragg'd along
The whiten'd heap of bones and chapleſs ſculls,
As ſhepherds oft beneath the wither'd oak
By the fell, bloody-finger'd goblin, wont
From pile of ſtones to riſe, beneath whoſe weight,
Vile as a dog, the murderer was caſt
In mold unhallow'd on the public way?

HOBBINOL.

When in the lonely abbey I beheld
The death-pale ſpectre, ſhield us, gracious heav'n!
In grief he ſeem'd, and o'er his ghaſtly cheek
Glanc'd the big drops, as April clouds diſſolve
In ſilent-flowing tears. At length he ſpoke—
What wondrous words! Scarce half could I diſcern
His awful form, and ample-waving ſhroud
Swoln in the winds; tho' ſudden thro' a breach
Glimmer'd the moon's pale glimpſe upon his brows.

COLINET.

Shapes, ſtrange to nature, oft have I beheld.
In haunted caſtle, ere a ſhepherd die,
Ghoſts have I ſeen with blazing torches run
Thro' all the dreary dwelling to prepare
Their dreadful ſeſſion; ſoon as from his tow'r
The raven, hollow-croaking herald, wakes
Night's ſullen-ſilent horrors to announce
Th' approach of Death, now o'er the groaning graves
From yawning ruins ſtalking forth, in full
And ſolemn council of the dead to doom
The pale-ey'd victim to his kindred duſt:
Ere ghoſts with blood-congealing cries around
Th' earth-quaking hamlet thro' the blaſted air
Scream to the midnight moon amid the yell
Of weeping winds; while yet with mutual claim
And menace high in doubtful war within
Nature and Death contend. But well I ween,
Nought ever have I heard, ſave ſhrieks, which pierc'd
My trembling ſoul, and would have woke the dead.
With what amaze then would mine eager ear
Hear language of that foreign world, the grave!

HOB-

HOBBINOL.

Tho' horror creeps o'er all my freezing form,
To thee will I unfold what ever ſhall
In records of my memory remain.
Tho' faintly o'er my dark, untutor'd mind
Glimmer'd the purpoſe of ſuch lore ſublime.
The hallow'd ſeer alone, whoſe ſoul is all,
Tho' penury his lot, heav'n's richer mine
Of knowledge, as of virtue, will diſpell
Blind error's miſt from my benighted mind.
Thus then the ſpirit, while upon the ground
Outſtretch'd I lay, with voice majeſtic ſpoke,
While the bleak winds in deep attention heard.

'Here in the durance of theſe doleful glooms
'Six hundred years, ſince firſt Britannia bleſs'd
'With freedom this fair iſle, as, riſing o'er
'The miſty ſouth, th' all-chearing ſun diſplays
'His glorious orb, I dwell, ill-fated ghoſt,
'Permitted ne'er to view, when Nature hails
'Light's orient ray, the gold-impurpled Morn,
'Nor breathe her fragrant, life-inſpiring breeze.
'Here once, when Ev'n her ſolemn twilight ſhed

'Along

‘ Along this ample, awful-dark’ning dome,
‘ With rapture at the pealing anthem ſhook
‘ Theſe deep-reſounding tow’rs. And now, when truth
‘ Breaks with meridian radiance thro’ the night
‘ Of ſuperſtition o’er the illumin’d iſle,
‘ How long ſhall heav’n’s own holier ſeraph weep,
‘ Religion? Ah! how long ſhall anguiſh beat
‘ In ev’ry bleeding fibre of her ſoul?
‘ How long, alas, alas, ſhall ſhe deplore
‘ Her ſanctuaries, the haunt of birds obſcene,
‘ Which, hoarſe and hollow, croak death’s diſmal knell,
‘ And ſweep with ſound of ample-waving wings
‘ Along the graſs-grown deſart of the tombs?
‘ When, when ſhall mandate of her mitred ſires
‘ Reanimate theſe ruins into form,
‘ Like Man, in perfect renovation rouz’d
‘ By heav’n’s all-waking trumpet from the grave,
‘ And thus, while all the blooming iſle around
‘ With Alleluia fills the joy-reſounding ſkies,
‘ With copious dew of bleſſings fertilize
‘ This happier Canaan of propitious heav’n.
‘ Here oft in midnight’s ſolemn-ſilent reign,
‘ Beneath unclouded glories of the moon,
‘ Fancy, the youthful cherub, have I ken’d

‘ Hang o’er the margin of th’ unbounded deeps
‘ From yonder mountain’s heav’n-aſpiring head.
‘ How rich enrob’d in ſnowy radiance ſhone
‘ The ſtar-crown’d angel’s form! How thick inlaid
‘ With living ſaphirs, like the gems of night,
‘ Her diadem, a ſilver creſcent, beam’d!
‘ How graceful bending from her azure throne
‘ In act to ſweep the bold-impaſſion’d lyre!
‘ Which, fir’d by inſpiration at her touch,
‘ And wild with trembling extaſy, to peace
‘ Attun’d each jarring tumult of my ſoul;
‘ Like ſymphonies of heav’n, which oft have bleſs’d
‘ My noontide viſions, as intranc’d I lay
‘ In green-roof’d bow’r, or gloomy grotto ſtretch’d
‘ By cryſtal ſpring, or river’s murm’ring maze!
‘ How ſweet Heav’n harmoniz’d her peerleſs voice,
‘ Which warbled wild ſuch bliſs-inſpiring ſtrains,
‘ Attemp’ring mild the loud, majeſtic lyre,
‘ That Ocean, thro’ the whole horizon ſwell’d
‘ With heav’n’s reflected glories, in amaze
‘ Smooth’d his wide world of waters, and beneath
‘ An aged oak night’s hoary Genius lean’d,
‘ Liſtning the tuneful virgin’s lofty hymn
‘ To the great SPIRIT of nature! At her lore,

‘ Un-

‘ Ungnaw'd by care, and innocent of wealth,
‘ Flam'd high my youthful heart, enrich'd with bliſs,
‘ Fair meed of virtue; and this wither'd hand,
‘ Trembling and pale, which Death oft deems his own,
‘ Woke to immortal themes the ſacred lyre.
‘ Till cruſh'd by tyrants, whom mine honeſt ſoul
‘ To hymn with adulation vile diſdain'd,
‘ Oblivion wrap'd me in her ſable ſhroud,
‘ Deep in pale Penury's untrodden vale,
‘ And the cold ling'ring hand of Languor clos'd
‘ Theſe eyes, unchear'd by Fortune's golden ray.
‘ But better, chains, and poverty, and death,
‘ Nay ev'n contempt, than ſpoils by truth unearn'd.
‘ Warn'd by mine adverſe ſtar to wiſdom wake.
‘ Hence, youthful ſhepherd, with thy ſlender pipe;
‘ Hence from the groupe of tyrants and of ſlaves,
‘ Ungenial to the Muſe, fly, ſwiftly fly,
‘ While yet around thee ſmiles life's vernal morn.
‘ Hence, if thy free-born ſoul with glories burn
‘ Of blooming Albion, to th' immortal land
‘ Of liberty, which bore thine happier ſires.
‘ There high-thron'd Magnanimity unfolds
‘ Her temple's mighty portals in the breaſt
‘ Of godlike Percy; there at large o'er all

‘ Th'

‘ Th’ unclouded heav’n of his majeſtic ſoul
‘ Munificence in noontide glory burſts,
‘ Like ſummer, blazing from Equator ſuns!
‘ There haply from his heav’n-illumin’d eye
‘ May beam Benignity’s propitious rays
‘ O’er the pale winter of thy fading youth,
‘ And brighten life around thee into day.
‘ Yes there, by ev’ry regal virtue grac’d
‘ Of fam’d Northumberland’s heroic chiefs,
‘ Who, frowning, ſhook each tyrant’s pillar’d throne,
‘ Or who, in milder majeſty retir’d
‘ Of ſocial life, beam’d happineſs around,
‘ The Fair, whoſe heav’n-ennobled heart beats high
‘ With native glories of her race renown’d,
‘ Shall raiſe with pious hand the drooping flow’r
‘ To bluſh with beauty to the genial ſun.

‘ When heav’n lours horror on the wintry wooff
‘ Of night, and not a ſtar the ſhepherd guides,
‘ Pavilion’d deep in darkneſs in mid air
‘ ’Midſt ſtorms and clouds, our ſolemn-ſable throne,
‘ Hold we our annual congreſs of the dead.
‘ How at the terrors of our potent call
‘ Trembles the globe, and pours her millions forth

‘ From

‘ From all the pale dominions of the grave,
‘ Deſart, and ſea, and ev’ry teeming tomb!
‘ Caitiff, who, at our dread beheſt unaw’d,
‘ Withholds allegiance, howls in penal fire.
‘ Ceaſe at our bidding the wild winds to roar,
‘ And thro’ the univerſal hoſt of death,
‘ Huſh’d into ſilent horror, we forbid
‘ Spirit of air, of earth, of water, fire,
‘ To haunt the hallow’d manſion of the FAIR;
‘ And oft as we ſome angel’s radiant form
‘ Far off eſpy along the glooms of night
‘ Trailing a length of glory, as he glides,
‘ Like the moon ſtreaming thro’ autumnal clouds;
‘ Ev’n from the lowly hermitage of Peace,
‘ Turn we not heav’n’s bright native at our word,
‘ Tho’ from the City rank corruption ſteams,
‘ To ſhield the HEROINE with ſtarry wings,
‘ To whiſper conſcious peace, and in each dream
‘ Pour heav’n’s congenial glories thro’ her ſoul.
‘ But hark, ere trembling twilight of the morn
‘ Silvers the grey miſt o’er yon mountain’s head,
‘ The cock’s ſhrill clarion warns me.’---At th’ alarm
He ſcream’d ſuch ſignal to his train of ghoſts,
Which peopled all the darkneſs, that mine hair,

Like briſtles, roſe, and horror chill'd my veins.
Pour'd thro' the mould'ring altar's ivy'd breach
Glar'd frightful-ling'ring lightnings all around,
Glimm'ring pale light along the lonely walls,
And ſcar'd the howling ſpectres. With his tribe
Sudden on pinions of heav'n's rapid fire
He vaniſh'd thro' the lofty roof aloud,
And ſhook the gloomy temple: as they paſs'd
The turrets ſhriek'd with terror. From the ground
I ſprung aghaſt, and vaniſh'd into flight;
Tho' ever and anon methought I heard
Sound of purſuing footſteps, and ſuch yell,
As Hubert, ſage in wiſdom, as in years,
Hath told he heard full many a time and oft
At eventide from off the howling main,
When rouz'd by roar of tempeſt's dread approach
Shrill ſpirits ſhriek, as to the wave-waſh'd ſhore
All black with ſtorms the foaming billows roll.

COLINET.

See, from contagion of the world eſcap'd,
Solemn along the lonely-winding ſhore
Wanders our pious paſtor, as he wont,

With

With every meek-ey'd Virtue in his train,
To hold high converſe with his native heav'n,
And mount on early Adoration's wing.
Let us deſcend, and, at his hallow'd feet
In filial piety's obeyſance bow'd,
Unfold thy wond'rous ſtory. He alone,
Who in theſe wilds of nature day by day,
As in the holy temple's dread receſs,
Hath taught us the great SHEPHERD from on high,
Eternity, and radiant worlds of bliſs,
Will thro' the cloud of myſtery obſcure
Pour the clear day of knowledge on our minds,
Copious as burſts along the ſhady vales
From yonder eaſt this golden light of heav'n.

THE END.